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The BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

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Revolutionizing an Industry

By G. B. VAN BLARICOM.

BORN in a blacksmith shop in a small village in 1847, to-day the biggest industrial concern in Canada, with one-quarter of its annual profits given to educational, charitable, and religious causes.

Starting with a meagre investment now capitalized at twelve million dollars, the greatest corporation in its line under the British flag, encircling the globe with warehouses, factories, and representatives.

The second largest industry of its character in the world, backed by the strongest selling force and the finest system of organization.

Employing an army of 3,500 mechanics, and about 7,500 persons in all, with an annual wage bill running into the millions.

The first Canadian institution to launch a mower and also a reaper in the Dominion, and the first to place a self-binder on the home and foreign market.

The pioneer in extending the export trade of a colony to practically all grain growing countries on earth, and more widely known a dozen years ago than the land, which produced the men who gave to the great enterprise its birth.

What a wonderful narrative! An imagination picture a more spectacular or facile pen treat to a more thrilling theme than this means story of the development and expansion of the Massey-Harris Company, with headquarters in Toronto and branch offices, working forces and emporiums in every cereal centre of two hemispheres.

With immense factories in Toronto, Brantford and Woodstock, wherein thousands of artisans etch their daily bread, the enterprise has been so vast that the company, which is a co-operative corporation, has recently found it necessary to increase its paid up capital by four million dollars.

But the past is only an index of what the future has in store. Massey-Harris expands the company maintains a designing department where between thirty and forty of the highest skilled specialists, capable of employed solely to work out new ideas and practical inventions that have both time and labor-saving features.

It is a long road from the first reaper ever turned out many back in 1852 by the late Hart A. Massey, in the Village of Newcastle, Ontario, to the eight-row self-binder which cuts

and binds the golden grain on thousands of Canadian farms.

What miracle, the self-binder has wrought! It does the work of four or five men and does it more rapidly and effectively, for, in the days of the old reaping machine, it required that many hands alone to bind the straw. In warmer climes the stripper of the Massey-Harris Company accomplishes even greater wonders and performs the labor of a dozen or more helpers at one operation. The stripper, which may be found by thousands on the broad acres of Argentina, Africa and Australia, pulls the heads off the grain, threshes, cleans, separates and bags it by one continuous process. In hot, dry countries straw is left on the field and burned or plowed under, it being of little or no use owing to the absence of winters. In more northern lands grain does not ripen so fast and a binder has to be used instead of a stripper. If grain were not bound in sheaves and stacked there is so much moisture in the berry that it would sweat and mustiness result.

The rush of the masses to the great cities and the consequent scarcity of help and high wages have driven many a tiller of the soil to the verge of distraction, and agricultural implements with their many labor-saving devices have played no unimportant part in the progress and uplift of the world. Other instances of the amazing advancement of the times, outside of the reaper, the binder and the stripper, are the disc seed drill, the corn binder, the hay loader, the manure spreader, etc. Thus, farming has been rid of its monotony and drudgery, and nowhere in the limitless field of mechanical endeavor has man witnessed greater strides than in the line of agricultural equipment.

To-day no real columns about and witness the manifold wonders and triumphs of the telephone, the electric light, the phonograph, the automobile, X-rays, the kinetoscope, wireless telegraphy and the aeroplane. This is because most of us live in the congested centres, and these things

brought in our very doors, are so familiar that they cease to excite more than passing interest. We accept them as part of the manifestation of creative genius—the fruit of civilization—but, if we had placed before our eyes a farm and the means of cultivation, harvesting and threshing—say half a century ago—and another farm where present-day methods are in full operation, how striking would be the contrast. A little over fifty years ago the drag improvised from the limb of a tree, the plow with the wooden beam and mold board, the threshing flail, the sickle, the scythe, the heavy cradle and other primitive instruments. To-day the disc harrow, the seeder, the self-binder, the hay loader, the corn harvester, the manure spreader, the self-blanking rake, the steam plow, the steam thresher, and countless other conveniences of which our forebears never dreamed.

Who will say that agricultural machinery has not been the most civilizing as well as the most merciful agent and potent influence in the amelioration of rural conditions. Who can foretell the future and predict, within the next generation, what will be the outcome in comfort, rapidity, economy and ease. Neither man nor horse is any longer the sweating, suffering, plodding and crumpled creature of circumstance. Soon the horizon, like the imagination full play and eye cannot picture nor mind conceive the almost infinite possibilities. Necessity, comparison, intellect and industry have brought forth present-day marvels and civilization will reveal even greater evidences of achievement in days to come. If the farmers of today were supplied with no better or more suitable implements than were available thirty-five years ago, it would scarcely be going too far to say that profitable farming would not be practical.

The company foremost in giving effect to the changed conditions in Canada as well as in nearly all the other grain growing countries of the world is the Massey-Harris organiza-

tion. What the departmental store is to modern merchandising in the great crowded centres, so has this company been the leader throughout the British Empire to minister to the varied needs of the farmer and furnish him with

congenial, the accommodations and facilities afforded by the huge barge on Lake Ontario and the plant was removed to Toronto, the buildings being erected on what was then part of the old Exhibition grounds.



The Late Hart & Massey.

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everything, combined in the nature of mechanical equipment for the tillage of the soil and the gathering of its wealth.

It was in 1870 that the implement business of the late Hart & Massey

Two years later, in 1872, Joseph Hart & Massey Company was formed, incorporated by one success after another firm, manufacturing centers on a like character and springing out of parts of Ontario. The organization

was keen and operating expenses heavy. Leading rivals were the A. Harris, Son & Company, of Brantford, the Patterson Brothers Company, of Patterson, near Richmond Hill (later removed to Woodstock), and

of goods. The overhead expenses were enormous, the market limited and the same territory covered. Opposition was carried to extremes and the cost largely came out of the pocket of the farmer. Finally, it began to



Chester D. Massey
Honorary President of the Massey-Harris Company

the J. O. Warner, Son & Company, of Brantford.

In nearly every town, big and little, these firms had their own special agents and warehouses, beside general agents and traveling superintendents, all selling practically the same class

of goods. The overhead expenses were enormous, the market limited and the same territory covered. Opposition was carried to extremes and the cost largely came out of the pocket of the farmer. Finally, it began to

could be sold each year, was sheer folly. Why could not one selling force do the work as well and the expense of production and disposal of the output be attended to as efficiently and satisfactorily, and with much greater economy to manufacturer and consumer by a large joint organization. The operations of the companies could thereby be extended and more lines placed on the market. The stockholders of the rival bodies got together and this is the story of how and why four big companies amalgamated in the fall of 1891, and the Massey-Harris Company, Limited, was incorporated with a capital stock of five million dollars. The Massey Company, the Harris Company and the Patterson Company manufactured principally harvesting machinery, and the Warner Company, harrows, seeders, cultivators, etc., so that with the fusion of the quartette the range of output was widened and activities broadened.

Another unforeseen difficulty, however, soon loomed up. Farming machinery has always been sold in the makers on consignment or a commission basis, and it was found that where there was a five, energetic agent in a town for agricultural implements, other concerns began to encroach and reap the benefit of the selling plan and organization of the farm machinery manufacturers. A good, reliable aggressive implement representative opened the way, and proved to be an easy mark for the plow, the wagon and the cream separator makers, and other producers of farm conveniences. They would approach a Massey-Harris man and tell him that in his warehouses he had abundant space and time to handle more lines on which he could make a fat profit, and still not neglect his other interests. These firms sold for cash. The implement man saw the alluring prospect of the proposition, and was induced to lay in a stock of their goods to the detriment of the company who had discovered and appointed the agent.

REVOLUTIONIZING AN INDUSTRY.

The Massey-Harris people saw that they would still have to enlarge their operations to put a check on this practice by removing the source of temptation to their agents to handle side lines. They then and there determined to go into the farm departmental business—furnishing wagons, plows and everything else required. The Bain Wagon Company, one of the largest firms in the vehicle trade, was located at Brantford and the company acquired stock in this industry. Stock was also secured in the Verity Plow Works, of Essex, as well as the selling rights of the entire output of both these concerns and for some years Massey-Harris agencies in different parts of Canada and foreign countries have sold plows, wagons, cream separators, practically every article needed on a farm. Thus another obstacle was removed from the pathway of the great company. In the reorganization of its interests the Massey-Harris Company removed the Verity Plow Works from Essex and installed the plant in the buildings of the Warner Company, in Brantford, and built a large, new, thoroughly up-to-date factory, while the Bain Wagon Company was transferred to Woodstock from Brantford and the machinery placed in the factory occupied by the Patterson Brothers Company. The Harris Company Works were continued and largely extended in Brantford; in fact the Massey Works in Toronto is the newly-formed company.

The foreign trade of the Dominion has been given its greatest impetus by the Massey-Harris Company interests, who were the first to place a binder manufactured in Canada, in South Africa, Argentina, Russia, Australia, France, Great Britain, Germany, New Zealand and every other grain-growing land except the United States. In great field competitions with all other makes in the world the Massey-Harris machine carried off premiums home. The export business of the firm alone now amounts to about fifty per cent of the total an-

usual turnover. Ten or twelve years ago Canada was not attracting the attention of the world, and the Dominion had not

The Birthplace of the Massey Works



Duckmouth Shop in Newcastle, Ontario, where the industry was started by Bert A. Massey in 1890.

The Massey Works of To-day



The Massey Factory was founded in Newcastle (Ontario) in 1890. To-day the Large New Warehouse on the left covers more area than the entire Works did thirty years ago. Extensive new extensions have been built with the Grand Old Mill in new State of New York.

reached the status of a nation. In distant climes, people who had literally never heard of us, read on the

pages of the world that it is today. Immigration was slow, the rich resources and wonderful wealth of the



The Birthplace of the Harris Works

Small Farmhouse at Beauville where Alanson Harris began manufacturing Plows in 1807

world-renowned machines, "Made in Canada." Their eyes were opened, the campaign of education spread and thousands of inquiries poured in relative to the agricultural possibilities and potentialities of this comparatively new land.

The business of making harvest machinery was begun by the late Hart A. Massey when he was only twenty-four years old, and continued under the name of the Massey Agricultural Works until 1870, when the Massey Manufacturing Company was formed. In 1870 the factory was brought from Newswille to Toronto, and placed on the site of the present Massey-Harris Company's extensive jule of buildings. Until the formation of the Massey-Harris Company the business was conducted by Hart A. Massey and his three sons, Charles A., Chester D. and Walter E. H. Massey. In 1870 Charles A. Massey became Vice-President and General Manager of the company, his father having to retire temporarily owing to ill-health. Charles A. Massey died in February,

1884, and the active management of the business reverted to the father, Hart A. Massey, who was President and General Manager to the time of the formation of the Massey-Harris Company. Chester D. Massey was Treasurer, and Walter E. H. Massey, Secretary. The Massey-Harris Company, capitalized at \$5,000,000, with head offices in Toronto, was incorporated in 1891. The first directors were: President, Hart A. Massey; Vice-President, J. Kerr Osborne; General Manager, Hon. L. Melvin-Jones; Assistant General Manager, Walter E. H. Massey; Treasurer, Chester D. Massey, and Secretary, J. N. Shenshane. The officers remained the same until 1896, when the death of the President, Hart A. Massey, made a reorganization necessary. Walter E. H. Massey then became President, the rest of the officers retaining their former positions. In October, 1904, the company and the community sustained a great loss in the death of Walter E. H. Massey, Chester D. Massey taking the Presi-

The Harris Works of To-day



The Large Factory in Brampton of the Massey-Harris Company

Agency. After holding this for one year he became Honorary President, and Hon. L. Melvin-Jones was made President and General Manager. The present officers are: Honorary President, Chester D. Massey; President and General Manager, Hon. L. Melvin-Jones; Vice-President, J. Kerr Osborne; Secretary, L. H. Houser.

son Harris. The business was removed to Brantford in 1872, Mr. Harris' eldest son, John Harris, a man of splendid character and ability, becoming actively connected with the firm, and until his death he was the practical active manager. There were associated with these two gentlemen in the building up of the industry, J.



Hon. James Melvin Jones

President and General Manager of the Harris-Harris Company

Thomas; J. N. Shenstone, Assistant General Manager, Thomas Findley, and General Superintendent, R. H. Perry.

Of the four amalgamating companies it is interesting to refer briefly to the history of the other three: The A. Harris, Son & Company was established at Brantville in 1867, by Man-

son Harris. The business was removed to Brantford in 1872, Mr. Harris' eldest son, John Harris, a man of splendid character and ability, becoming actively connected with the firm, and until his death he was the practical active manager. There were associated with these two gentlemen in the building up of the industry, J.

Present Officers of the Company



J. N. Shenstone

Assistant



James Kerr Osborne

Vice-President



J. R. Houser

Secretary



Thomas Findley

Assistant General Manager

Reeve of Vaughan Township, Warden of the County of York, and for twelve years member for West York in the Ontario Legislature. Mr. Patterson died in July, 1902. The business was removed to Woodstock in 1887, and was conducted in that city until the formation of the Massey-Harris Co., by Peter Patterson and his two sons, J. D. and A. S. Patterson. The latter has become one of the greatest sales managers in the implement business, and is now general manager of the company in Australia.



H. H. Wisner
General Manager of the Harris Co.

Dr. J. O. Wisner, Son & Co. started business in Brantford in 1857. The founder was the late Jesse O. Wisner, and the active manager was his son, Warham S. Wisner, who held the position until the absorption of the business by the Massey-Harris interests. W. S. Wisner is still an authority on tillage and seeding machines, and is attached to the big company in an advisory capacity.

The commander of this gigantic industrial corporation is Hon. Lyman Melvin Jones. As chief executive

officer of the largest company in its particular line in the British Empire, he is one of Canada's greatest captains of industry and stands foremost in the development of the agricultural implement trade to its present practically unequalled position among the manufacturing concerns of the Dominion. Mr. Jones knows the farm machinery business in every department from the practical end, as the numerous records in the patent office in Ottawa attest, to the most successful and effective methods of manufacturing and marketing. His greatest invention is, perhaps, the open end binder which enables a machine to cut any length of straw. Mr. Jones was more intent and enthusiastic upon the success of the open end binder than he was in the pursuit of money. It is generally conceded that had he applied for a patent then and there, it would have made of him a millionaire many times, for makers all over the world at once appropriated the principle.

As a youth he entered the service of the Harris Co., Brantford, in 1873, and was among the first traveling implement salesmen in Ontario. After a few months on the road he went into the shop and learned the practical end of the business. Within four years, so satisfactory was his progress he was admitted as a partner, and in 1879 went to Winnipeg to manage the Western trade of his company. He remained in the Prairie City ten years, and served the citizens as alderman, then as Mayor for two years. His first time he ran for the Mayorship he was elected by a majority of one vote. His opponent demanded a recount which was held before the court and the presiding judge declared Mr. Jones a victor by a single ballot.

"Assuredly perfectly sure that I enjoy the confidence of the ratepayers in the extent of having a clear majority," inspired Mr. Jones.

"No, I am not absolutely certain," responded the judge, "but I believe the intention of the voter in the disputed ballot was to mark it in your

Some Founders of the Allied Companies



Alanson Harris
Founder of the Harris Industries of
S. Harris, Son & Co.



The Late John Harris
General Manager of the Harris
Companies



The Late Peter Patterson
Founder of the Big Business of
Patterson Bros. Co.



Warham S. Wisner
The Moving Spirit in the Firm of
J. O. Wisner, Son & Co.

favor, and that is the reason I declare you elected."

"Well, I will not accept the seat," asserted Mr. Jones, "unless I have a majority that is beyond a doubt." He resigned and so enthusiastic were the citizens over his firm, manly stand that a few days after he was returned to the office of Chief Magistrate by acclamation.

He is probably the only Canadian Mayor who ever fined a citizen for violating a city by-law and then turned around and paid the fine himself—certainly a unique position for the head of a civic corporation like Winnipeg.

Back in the early eighties it was a common practice to see men sawing wood on the street. A by-law decreed that it should not be done, but there being no back yards where was the average resident going to do it? One day an offending citizen was summoned by the police for a violation of the by-law. Mayor Jones presided in the Police Court that morning, and when the defendant pleaded guilty, the acting magistrate, for the purpose of setting an example to other probable offenders, taxed him a dollar and costs and gave the fellow a week to pay. Before the time had expired the Mayor has gone down in his own pocket and settled with the city. After that the police were allowed to connive at the practice of sawing wood as it was felt by His Worship that to enforce such a rigid regulation would prove a hardship when there were few, if any, private or back yards.

In 1888, Mr. Jones was elected a member of the Manitoba Legislature for Shoal Lake, and entering the Cabinet of the late Hon. Thomas Greenway, was made Provincial Treasurer. Owing to the sudden death in 1889 of John Harris, General Manager of the Harris Co., he resigned his portfolio and returned to Bramford to succeed him. On the formation of the Massey-Harris Company in 1891 he was elected a director and appointed General Manager, which post he held until 1903, when he was made

President and General Manager. He is also President of the Barn Wagon Company, and a director of the Verry Plow Works, the Canadian Bank of Commerce, the Nova Scotia Steel & Iron Co., and the Canada Cycle & Motor Co.

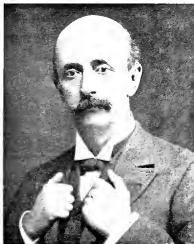
In 1904 he was appointed to the Senate, and, being a recognized authority on the manufacturing and financial interests of the Dominion, is one of the most useful and solid members of the Upper House.

It is not generally known, because the fact has never been proclaimed from the hill tops, that the earnings on all holdings of Hart A. Massey in the company are devoted to educational, charitable and religious purposes in accordance with the stipulation of his will. This sum, together with the gifts of some of the large shareholders, means that the entire earnings on fully one-quarter to one-third of the entire stock of this immense organization go each year to help the sick, the suffering and the distressed, and to extend the usefulness, equipment and scope of leading institutions of learning.

The expansion of the Massey-Harris interests, the evolution in agricultural equipment, and the happy results brought about all over Canada are indeed creditable in the development of a great and strong movement. The outcome is that Canadians have farm implements to-day equal to any in the world, cheaper in price and more varied in character and capabilities. All this, taken into consideration with the fertile soil of the Dominion, especially that of the Canadian West, the salubrity and invigorating character of our climate, the splendid yield per acre, the faith, courage and self-reliance of our people, and our ever-extending transportation facilities, places Canada to-day in an enviable position, and of the many classes, who go to make up the country's citizenship, none is to be more envied than the progressive and wide-awake farmer living in the dawn of the twentieth century.

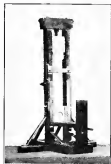


By R. P. CHESTER



Hon. Excellency Earl Grey

In retiring from the post of Governor-General of the Dominion, this great Earl Grey will follow the precedent established by all his predecessors, with the exception of Lord Dufferin and Lord Morris, of only holding office for five of the six years of his appointment.



The Guillotine

As It has been located in France

The famous French guillotine, or "the widow," as it is familiarly referred to, has been re-erected at Bethune, in the North of France, and on the first day of its restoration as an instrument of the law four criminals were beheaded in the presence of 30,000 people. For a good many years now the guillotine had been disused, not from any lack of work, but because President Fallieres loves to pardon those condemned to capital punishment, and his Prime Minister, M. Clemenceau, does not believe in carrying out the death sentence. When he was editor-in-chief of the *Aurore*, a newspaper founded in the interests of the unfortunate Captain Dreyfus, M. Clemenceau wrote many articles against the death penalty; but murders increased, the most revolting criminals had their death sentences commuted, the people became alarmed, the law courts protested, the Chamber of Deputies took the same view, and the hands of President and Premier were forced. Hence we see "the widow," as the guillotine is called, again brought out of its hiding place, and it is likely to be kept busy

for some time. M. Deibler, the headman, who corresponds to the hangman in England, did not desert "the widow" even in her darkest hour. He kept her joints well oiled, for he knew that the time would come when she would again be called to the protection of the body politic. The calling of headman is hereditary in the Deibler family. Five generations of Deiblers have profited by it. The present follower of this sanguinary calling receives a salary from the State of £1,000, and a perquisite of £4 for every head he cuts off. Besides a residence in town he has a pretty villa hard by the suburb of Vincennes. M. Deibler has a high forehead which might be described as intellectual if his face were not so heavy; his mild blue eyes are far from being as ferocious as one would expect in a man of his calling. He keeps at his own expense four assistants, but he himself looks after the most minute details, even to the placing of the basket.

Great praise has been bestowed and rightly so, on the men who operated the wireless service on board the ill-fated steamer *Republic* and the vari-



An Auxiliary to the Wireless

The alarm bell, fixed on a Vessel Before Water, which gives the Position of the Ship



THE EFFECT OF THE ABSENCE OF A WAGE SCALE

Salaries of the Nation's Heads

ous liners which gathered to her assistance. But in addition to the wireless system of communication, there was another device, without which the telegraphic communication might have been practically useless. The electric bell, illustrated on this page, was brought into requisition, when the wireless had brought the assisting vessels as close as possible. This bell, fixed below the water, sent out the signal sound-waves, which guided the on-coming ships straight through the fog to the ship in distress. Without this bell, the time of finding the damaged vessel might have been prolonged disastrously.

The accompanying comparative picture of the salaries of what might not inaptly be termed the general managers of five of the great nations of the world, has a certain interest for Canadians, in view of the fact that our own Governor-General does not receive an income commensurate with his position. It seems as if in democratic countries, the tendency is to pay the lowest possible salary to the chief executive and yet expect him to present a brave front to the world. In the United States they are now agitating for an increase of the Presidential salary by at least one hundred per cent. Our own Governor-General is paid \$50,000, and with that sum is expected to entertain lavishly and in every way maintain the dignity of his

position. To illustrate the calls upon him, reference need only be made to a ball given in Toronto by one of Earl Grey's predecessors which is reputed to have cost him \$12,500, or one-fourth of his annual salary.

If the average man were asked to name a typical British naval officer,



Rear Admiral Bessford with a Bessford Bull Dog. Portrait made of Lord Bessford, who is Rear Admiral of the Command of the Channel Fleet.

Two Notable English Obituaries



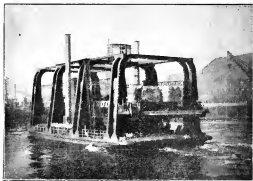
The Late Arthur A. Beckett
Distinguished Author and Journalist



The Late Lord Amberst of Hackney
The Richest Collector

the chances are that "Beresford" would be the unanimous reply. And now comes news that this veteran sailor is to resign the command of the Channel Fleet, which will hereafter form a part of the main fleet under the

supreme command of Vice-Admiral Sir Wm. H. May. It is not so long ago that Lord Charles Beresford, who is a great fancier of bulldogs, as might naturally be expected, presented each battleship of his fleet with a



A New Style of Ferry Boat

Two-Side Ferry, which is in commission on Glasgow Harbor, has an elevator deck

MEN AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE

fighting sample of his favorite canine, sired by the famous "Dick Stone," whose value is more than £1,000.

Two notable Englishmen passed away last month, both of whom occupied distinguished positions in the world of letters, one as a creator and the other as a preserver of literature. Mr. Arthur William A. Beckett wrote for many English periodicals, notably

for him and he died virtually of a broken heart.

A novelty in a ferry steamer is shown in the illustration. Its distinguishing feature is the floor which can be raised or lowered to suit the tide. Usually in such cases it is necessary to raise or lower the landing stage, thereby consuming time, but with this arrangement the floor of the ferry is



Dr. Sven Hedin

The Famous Explorer who is finding out the Mysteries of Central Asia

Punch, though he began his career as a lawyer. Lord Amberst, of Hackney, was a great collector of books and amassed a very valuable collection of examples of the printing art. Owing to financial losses, he was compelled a few months ago to sell his wonderful collection at auction. The parting from his treasures proved too much

adjusted to the proper height before the boat comes to the stage. It is in operation in Glasgow harbor, Scotland.

Dr. Sven Hedin is probably the most conspicuous explorer of the present day. He is a Swede by birth, and first came into prominence in 1890,



Marc Klaw

The Man to Whom Doubtless Every Theatre-Goer in America Pays Toll

when he struggled to the summit of a hitherto unscalable volcanic peak in Persia. He began his work in Central

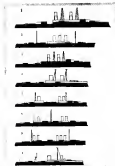


William D. Scott

Executive Vice-President of International

Asia in 1893, and has devoted his life since then to investigating the mysteries, both scientific and social, of that unknown region. He travels alone, not sharing his exploits with any companion of equal social rank. During his fifteen years of exploration he has amassed an immense amount of valuable scientific information, in the fields of zoology, botany, geology, morphology, topography and geography.

The theatrical trust of America is the firm of Klaw & Erlanger, and the



Comparative Size of the World's Dreadnoughts
1. U.S. Wyoming; 2. New Japanese; 3. U.S. Delta; 4. U.S. Iowa; 5. German Goeben; 6. Italian Dante Alighieri; 7. French Brest; 8. U.S. Dreadnought

head of that firm is Marc Klaw, whose portrait appears on this page. This firm controls pretty nearly all the theatrical business on this side of the Atlantic, there being very few "stars" who keep up a fight against the trust for any length of time. It may not be generally known that a percentage of the money paid by every visitor to a trust theatre goes to Klaw & Erlanger. That means that no matter how small an audience may be, the trust gets something out of it.

A 20th Century and an 18th Century Swiss



Dr. Deschêr

The New President of the Swiss Republic



Gen. Sir Frederick Haldimand

Governor of Quebec from 1776 to 1816

The great fighting machine, H.M.S. Dreadnought, of which we Britishers are so fond of boasting, has been long since outclassed in size and strength, as the accompanying diagram shows. With the completion of the Neptune, the British will have a group of eight homogeneous ships. The Germans have eight vessels in hand of one type, but of displacements rising from 17,000 to 19,000 tons. The eight American Dreadnoughts represent three different types, culminating in the monsters Oklahoma and Wyoming, of 26,500 tons apiece. The Japanese ships are 20,000 tons, and three of them are now building.

The Swiss President has probably the least power of any executive head in the world, owing to the fact that Switzerland, the mother of republics, has the most democratic constitution in the world. The President is elected annually and has no more power than his one vote in the executive gives him. He is really the head of the State only in name, for all power is vested in the Parliament. His salary is about three thousand dollars a year.

Canadians have an interest in the Swiss, from the fact that a large number of our best citizens are of Swiss birth or descent. Probably the most famous Swiss-Canadian was General Sir Frederick Haldimand, who was



The "Empire" Clock

This Clock Gives the Correct Time all Over the World and the Reference to the Time of all Places on the Earth's Surface

one of the first Governors of Canada, holding the position of Governor of Quebec from June, 1778, to November, 1784. A number of his relatives still live in Quebec.

The Richard Chronosphere, or more popularly the Empire Clock, is an invention of an Englishman, resident in Woodstock, England. For two

hours and sub-divisions engraved on it. The meridians of longitude are 15 deg apart. Any meridian being adjusted to its own mean time, all the other meridians denote their own mean time, and each meridian will continue to do this correctly the whole of the twenty-four hours. His Majesty, the King, has expressed himself



Guarding Against Septic Poisoning

The Mahomet's Sterilized Operating Dress of the Modern Surgeon

years the inventor has been at work on the device. His principal intention is to enable the time to be told at any moment in any part of the globe. The invention consists of an 8 inch terrestrial globe, inclined 23½ deg, which completes one revolution on its axis in twenty-four hours in the same direction as the earth itself turns. Parallel with the equator is a fixed ring dial, having the twenty-four

as highly delighted with the clock, which he considers of great educational value. He has ordered one for Windsor Castle.

The most perfect operating dress for surgeons yet devised, is described by a writer in the Illustrated London News. The inventor, Dr. Doyen, a noted French surgeon, is shown in the illustration. The surgeon and his as-

MEN AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE

sistant wear blouses and white aprons of material that has been sterilized, and the assistants who place these on them wear sterilized gloves. In addition, both surgeon and assistant disinfect their hands, cover them with sterilized glycerine, and wear over them sterilized india rubber gloves that reach to the elbow. The head is completely covered with sterilized bandages, save only for the eyes.

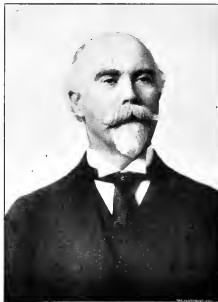
The new Speaker of the Canadian Senate, Hon. James Kirkpatrick Kerr, is a remarkable personality in many ways. From youth he has led an active career, and there is probably no public man in Canada who is a better specimen of physical manhood, considering his years, than Senator Kerr. His alertness, agility and remarkably well preserved appearance for one, now in his sixty-eighth year, would attract attention in any gathering. As he walks along the streets of Toronto or Ottawa his bearing is so

dignified and erect and his step so firm and elastic, that many a head is turned in admiration as he passes. Yet the Speaker of the Upper Chamber is most approachable, kindly and courteous, and there is not, as one might suppose, the slightest trace of affectation about him. For a long period he has been prominent in political and legal circles. As a boy he attended the famous school conducted by the late Dr. Tassie, at Galt and Hamilton. He was called to the Bar in 1862, and became a partner with Hon. Edward Blake, and his brother, Hon. S. H. Blake, the firm being known as Blake, Kerr & Wells, and later as Blake, Kerr & Boyd, when Sir John Boyd was a member before his elevation to the High Court Bench. Senator Kerr has for more than a score of years been the head of Kerr, Davidson, Paterson & McFarland, and holds a commanding position at the Canadian Bar, being elected a Benchler of the Upper Canada Law Society in 1879.



A 3,000 Yard Pipe-Track

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Hon. J. K. Kerr
Speaker of the House of Commons

Three years previous he was created a Queen's Counsel for Ontario, and for the Dominion by the Marquis of Lorne in 1881. In important cases he has frequently appeared before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. Politically, his record has been an active one. He has always been a staunch supporter and worker in the interest of the Liberal party,

and for twelve years was President of the Ontario Liberal Association. In 1891 he contested Centre Toronto as a candidate for the Commons. A few years ago he was elevated to the Senate. By judicial training, a long public career and sound judgment he is well fitted to preside over the deliberations of the Upper House,

Let the People Know

Industrial Canada

IF a man had gold dollars to sell at fifty cents and did not let the people know anything about it, he would not sell any. You must tell the people what you have to sell, why they should purchase from you, and something of the value you offer them in return for their money. Too many of us have got into the habit of thinking that because we have been a long time in business everyone must of necessity know all about us and our wares, and it is only a waste of time and of money to go on repeating the story.

Some other fellow has set up next door to us and started right in to tell the people that he is the whole thing to the trade, and kept on telling it to them till they came to believe him, and this belief soon resulted in turning what at first was only a boast into an accomplished fact. The old established house has gone to pieces while the owner slept, and the young, wide-awake rival has built upon the ruin.

A member of the staff of *Industrial Canada* recently called upon the manufacturers of a certain line of machinery with a view to interesting them in the advertising columns of this journal. They would not think of making such a useless expenditure, they said; every manufacturer in Canada knew they were in business and they were getting their share of the trade. There was no use advertising for what they would get anyhow, and a lot more along the same lines—all reasons why they should not let the people know.

Now along comes a wide-awake foreign house making the same lines and builds a branch in Canada. The same man calls on them and is received as a benefactor. They buy pages, double pages, and whole sections to tell all about what they have to sell, and in six months' time the trade will know more about this new firm than they have learned in years about the old ones, who will, one of these days, wake up wondering why trade is falling off.

We Canadians, as a whole, have not yet wakened up to the advantage of letting people know about what we are making. We go on year after year turning out goods equal to anything in the world, but we let the outsider do all the talking, with the result that the general public has got the idea that an article to be high-class must be imported. In a comparatively short time all this could be changed if we would get out and boost our wares as the foreigners boost theirs.

Pick up any paper you like and you will find that the bulk of the national advertising is of foreign products, and if you look over the advertisement of the local merchant you will find repeated again and again "finest imported," "direct importations," and numerous other phrases of that kind, all boasting for the foreigners. And we cannot blame the local dealer either, because the foreign manufacturer stands behind him with a supplementary campaign.

The Other Self of Jimmie Thrums

By ARCHIE McKISHNIE.

HAVING re-lit his well-seasoned briar root, Jimmie Thrums threw his long legs across the library table, and with a sigh of content let his gaze stray down the long, closely written manuscript on his knees.

Having finished the reading, he stroked his thin cheek thoughtfully, and let his mild blue eyes wander to the window and out across the snow-cloaked lawn. Mechanically, he fished in his vest pocket for a match. His pipe had gone out again.

Jimmie at last awoke to the realization that he had not another match on his person. There were some just beyond his reach, on the mantel, but—well, it certainly is a bore, sometimes, to have things just beyond one's reach, especially when one has just settled down to enjoy a quiet, restful think, as Jimmie had.

So, beyond casting a longing glance toward the mantel, and packing the cut-plug home with a long, silky finger, he resigned himself to his fate.

Well, he had finished writing "The Romance of Miss Wayburn," that was some consolation in his extremity, at least; still, he wished very much for just one match.

He looked across to the window again, and saw a little bow-legged man coming up the path with a shovel on his shoulder.

"Must be the new groom," thought Jimmie. "Wonder if he will pass this way. He's coming! He's coming! If you're waking, call me early, call me early, mother dear. He's coming! He's coming! If you're waking call

me early, call me early, mother dear, For to-morrow—Hello——"

For a narrow-chested man, Jimmie had a pretty strong voice, and having sent the hail through the window, the man approaching had no difficulty in hearing it.

He came to the window which Jimmie had opened with much difficulty, and, looking in on him, grinned and nodded in a friendly way.

"Come in!" said Jimmie cheerfully.

The man looked down at his snowy boots, and up at the window, and grinned again.

"Can't you make it? Climb up the porch pole, hurry up, its cold."

"I ain't much of a climber," said the man. "Besides, my boots be not any too clean."

"Ah!" said Jimmie. "Is that so? Can't climb, eh? Too bad! Everybody should learn climbing and swimming, and all that sort of thing you know. Try it, anyway. Never mind about your boots. Just get hold of that post, and think there's a mad dog or something after you. You'll make it, all right."

The man gave a quick glance over his shoulder.

"I'm not doubtin' I could make it all right if I had to," he said, "but seein' I don't have to, what's the use?"

Jimmie poked up his pipe and sucked away at it thoughtfully.

"Well, you have to in this case, you know," he said at length.

A look of wonderment crossed the man's face.

"Did I hear you say as I had to climb in, sir?" he asked respectfully.

"Yes, I said it. You see, it is quite

necessary, compulsory, in fact, that you climb up the porch pole there and come into this room through the open window. It would be better for you to come quietly, for any resistance on your part would but tell against you, Jimmie added, by way of afterthought.

The man put down his shovel and proceeded to seek a toe hold in the brick wall.

"You see you don't know what you can do until you try," said Jimmie, as the groom's head and shoulders were thrust laboriously through the window. "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." That's from the old copy-book. Ever read the copy-book? Sit down."

"No, sir, I never read nuthin', sir, seein' I can't read nuthin'."

"Would you mind—or, no, I think I understand you. You can't read. That's it, eh?"

The caller nodded.

"Might you be the son of my new master, sir?" he asked respectfully.

"No, I'm not," answered Jimmie, pleasantly. "I'm only the son's friend. See?"

"Relation sir, no doubt sir?"

"No. Hope to be though," said Jimmie, closing his eyes resignedly.

"Well, sir, can't stay long, seein' as I have been here some time now, and there bein' so much to be done, sir."

"Oh! Just sit still and rest. It's all right you know. By the way, will you kindly hand me that box of matches on the mantel? Thanks. Now light a cigar. You'll find a box of 'em in that drawer on the right. Fill your pockets. Take the whole box with you. I see you enjoy good cigars."

John Forbes, coming into the library, found his friend sleeping peacefully in his chair. Between his heels, on the table reposed the pipe, where Jimmie had tossed it. On the floor were scattered sundry pages of "The Romance of Miss Wayburn."

He went to the door and whistled softly. A tall, dark-haired girl came

forward gleefully and looked in the library.

"Well," she said, and looked in the sleeper's face. As she did so a tender light crept into her eyes, which her brother, standing a little apart, did not see, and she herself was unaware of.

"John," said the girl softly, "he's tired out."

John gave a little chuckle.

"Tired out? Him? Why, Chick, what does he ever do to tire himself out?"

"Works."

"Eh?"

"Writes, then. He writes and thinks and thinks and writes until his poor head must be nearly bursting."

"Yes, he writes, all right," said John. "I'll admit he is—Lord's sake, where did all the mad and snow come from, do you suppose?"

"And there is a broken flower-pot over by the window, and there's mud on the window sill, too. Wake him, John. Someone has been in the room and maybe drugged him?"

"Why, Chick, I'm inclined to think you're right, see, they've swiped all my imported cigars but one. I say, Jimmie! Wake up?"

He grabbed the sleeper by the shoulder, and shook him vigorously.

"What's the matter?"

Jimmie opened his eyes and glanced about the room.

"What," he said wonderingly, "he's got away."

"Who has?"

"Why, him, of course. Say, folks, you should have seen him stealing the porch pole."

"Jimmie," said Miss Forbes, sternly, "you are just too awful for anything!"

"That's where the snow came from," said her brother laughing.

"Say, he just ate those cigars."

"Eh?" said John. "Ate my cigars, did he? Hang me, if I don't have a mind to eat you for letting him at 'em."

Jimmie looked at his friend reproachfully.

"He did me a favor, John," he said gently.

"Oh, did he, now? In what way did he favor you, pray?"

"Matches," said Jimmie, reaching for his pipe.

The girl leaned across the table and laughed happily.

"Poor old lazy-bones," she said.

"You mean that you called him in so that he might hand you down the matches?" asked Forbes, who had been examining his bookshelves, to see if any of his pets were missing.

"Well, you see, John, I couldn't reach 'em from ah-this position; so it was either he had to come in, or I had to get up."

"Who was he?" asked the girl.

"Well, that reminds me that I neglected to ask him his name. Very careless of me. He didn't leave a card on the table there, I suppose, eh?"

"Oh, he might have been a thief or a murderer, or——" Miss Forbes fixed her big brown eyes on the author's face in horror.

"I don't know," said Jimmie, returning the gaze innocently. "He might have been all of these things and a lot more. One thing I am certain of he was not very polite."

"Why didn't you throw him out?" said Forbes warmly.

"I couldn't very well, having invited him in, you know. Besides I would have had to get up, you see, John," sighed John.

"So I put up with him," explained Jimmie.

"In what way was he impolite?" asked Miss Forbes.

"Well, I'll tell you. After he had smoked a few cigars, and told me all about his family—seems there's some trouble in his family—and found out how much I was and wasn't worth—if I was a Torontonian, and a few other unimportant things, it occurred to me that he would make a good subject for my specialty."

"Your specialty?" asked his hearers together.

"Yes, my specialty is inflicting my

stories on unsuspecting individuals."

"Well, go on."

"So I proceeded to read him 'The Romance of Miss Wayburn.'"

"And he wasn't a good subject after all?" laughed Forbes.

"I don't know. I really can't say. Fact is, I went to sleep shortly after Miss Wayburn lost her heart to the school teacher."

"Well, everything considered, I can't say that I think him very much in, even if he did steal my cigars, Jimmie. I recognize the man, though. It was Wemp, the new groom."

"Ah, is that so? But say, he didn't steal the cigars, you know. I gave him the cigars, John. I'm sure he is welcome to the cigars, but it wasn't just the most polite thing in the world, his taking advantage of me in that way while I was asleep, was it now?"

"Nor was it very polite in you to go to sleep when you had company," said Miss Forbes.

"He didn't happen to forget his snow shovel, did he? Neither of you discern a shovel anywhere in the room, I suppose?"

"A shovel! Good gracious alive, what are you talking about?" cried the girl. "John, dear, ring for ice. I believe the poor fellow is suffering from brain-storm."

"I guess, maybe, he left it outside," said Jimmie reflectively.

Forbes came over and stood beside his friend.

"Say, you're the thinnest, homeliest, laxest beggar I know, Jimmie," he said.

He ran his fingers through Jimmie's light, thin hair until it stood in little bunches.

"I couldn't coax, hire or threaten you to go to the bowling alley this afternoon, I suppose?"

"Too cold," said Jimmie, feeling in his vest pocket.

"All right," laughed John. "So long, old sleepy-head."

"Has he gone," asked Jimmie after a time.

"Yes, he has gone," replied Miss Forbes.

"Would you mind calling him back just for a minute? I won't detain him."

"John! Oh, John. Jimmie wants to see you a moment before you go," cried the girl, running to the hall.

"Well, old bean-pod, hurry up! What is it? I'm late," cried John, striding in.

"I wanted to ask you, John—by the way, would you mind handing me my tobacco pouch off the window, over there? Thanks awfully. That's all this time, only be a good boy, John, and don't stay out too late and—"

But John, with a muttered something, and another jab in his friend's hair, was already away.

"I'm concerned about John," said Jimmie, withdrawing his feet carefully from the table, and looking gravely at Miss Forbes. "The fact is, I am beginning to worry about John."

"Let me fix your hair," said the girl.

She came over, and smoothed it down with her little fingers. It took quite a time, as John had messed it unmercifully, she said.

Even after she had put it in much better order than it had known for some time, Jimmie protested that he knew it wasn't any more than half-smoothed yet, and wanted to know if, as John's sister, she didn't feel in duty bound to make as good a job of it as she possibly could.

"You've got lovely hair," said the girl, mischievously.

"Too thick and curly almost," sighed Jimmie.

"And so black and glossy?"

"Yes, I know, but I'm not the least bit proud of it. I could not be less proud if I had no hair at all."

They both laughed.

"You'll be in a position to understand what it means to have no hair at all one of these days, if you persist in writing all night, the way you have been doing. See if you don't," said the girl.

"Then I'll get married, and give my wife something to regret."

"Oh, a woman doesn't care what kind of hair the man she marries has,

so long as she loves him, you know," laughed the girl.

"But when it comes to a hair-pulling match how will she stand the handicap, Chick?"

"What are you worrying about John for?" asked the girl, ignoring the question with feminine tactfulness.

"I'm afraid he's lost it," answered Jimmie promptly.

"Lost what, pray?"

Jimmie turned his mild blue eyes upon the girl's face.

"What does a fellow usually lose when he plays a game of chance with a—say, Chick, you know Jack's girl don't you?"

"If you mean Flo, why, of course, I know her."

"Well, you see, I think she has captured so much of your big brother that if she were to keep what she has of John, and John has to retain what he has left of himself, there wouldn't be much left for us. See?"

"Why can't you be sensible?"

"All right, I'll try to be. The fact is, we're going to lose John, you and I. That seems to me an assurance. What we have to do now is to harden our hearts to the inevitable. Flo Graylow is a sweet and beautiful girl. She has won our John. Lots of girls do win Johns by the way. It's the way of the world that Johns should and must be won by some beautiful girl or other. Do you follow me?"

"As nearly as is possible for anybody to follow you, I do."

"Good. Then what I was going to propose—"

"But I don't want you to propose."

Jimmie crammed his hands into his pockets, and took a turn around the room.

"Gad, Chick, I don't know but what I shall propose, then, seeing you don't want me to," he said at length.

"If you won't be sensible I'll leave you."

There was a beautiful rose color on Miss Forbes' cheeks as she spoke.

Jimmie seated himself on the corner of the table.

"Chicken," he said softly. "Come here, Chicken."

"I won't, so there!"
"Of course you know that I was only fooling. I really don't want you to come."

"I know you didn't," and the dark head went down until the face he watched was hidden.

"Then, knowing I didn't mean it, be true to your sex and come, anyway."

"I'm going to leave you. I just hate you, Jimmie. I just hate you, so there!"

There was a simultaneous rush for the door, and Jimmie's long legs won him the day. He got there first.

"You see, Chick," he said, as he held her close to him, "it's no use. You've got to leave me. That's all there is to it."

"There's nothing about you worth having, so now!" came in a muffled voice from the region of Jimmie's coat lapel.

"Gad, but there is, you know!" cried Jimmie, straightening up.

"I really think that I might marry you—if you would show me," she whispered, her face still bent.

"Done! Here's where the other self of Jimmie Thruims comes in Good-bye. I'm going out to do something startling."

Jimmie picked up his hat.

"And worthy, Jimmie."

"Yes, Chick, and worthy. Good-bye."

"I tell you, the referee did not give a fair decision."

"And I tell you that I don't consider that you know a fair decision from any other decision. What do you know about the game, anyway?"

John Forbes wheeled upon the speaker, his mouth drawn down to a thin line and his eyes gleaming dangerously. A companion laid a hand on his arm and whispered in his ear.

John looked irresolute for a moment; then he smiled. When he spoke again all trace of anger was gone from his voice.

"I learned and played the game in England," he said.

"Well, you're not in England now, you know, this is Toronto, and we don't want outsiders putting in their oar here, you understand?"

"Any man has a right to demand fair play I believe."

"A man wants to know what he is about though, before he exercises the privilege."

John bit his lip. The insult sank in. "Perhaps I know the game better than you think I do," he said. "Besides, I am not exactly an outsider. I am a member of this club."

"Well, who cares if you are?" said the other with a sneer, as he reached for his coat. "Your being a member gives you a right to the tables, but hardly that of interfering between gentlemen when playing. If you know how to play billiards, show somebody; don't make the referee out a liar, as you are trying to do."

"I maintain that the referee did not give a fair decision," said John firmly.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," remonstrated the manager of the club, coming up. "We can't have this discussion prolonged here, you know."

Jimmie Thruims got up from his seat and strolled over to where the men stood.

"Might I beg a match of you?" he asked of the man who was putting on his coat.

"The porter will no doubt accommodate you," said the man, shortly.

"Well," said Jimmie, "that's funny. Do you know, I took you for the porter. You look like one."

He turned his blue eyes on the one addressed and smiled innocently.

The laugh that met his remark was instantly suppressed as the man wheeled quickly and struck at Jimmie. It was a straight arm punch, and one under which it looked as if Jimmie must go down.

But Thruims was calmly helping himself in some matches from the box above the fireplace when his

would-be assailant recovered his equilibrium.

"Say," he said cheerfully, "you shouldn't lunge that way, you know. Those punches are all right, if you know how to give them, but I see that you don't."

He had lit his pipe, and now puffed away contentedly.

Before Jimmie knew it, John Forbes had linked arms with him and had pulled him into the lobby.

"In Heaven's name, are you crazy?" he asked, as he bundled Jimmie into his overcoat. "Now the best thing you can do is to clear out."

"Clear out?" asked Jimmie blankly.

"What for?"

"Because this man Stark will break your long person into small pieces if you don't. You've insulted him."

"Did you say his name was Stark?" asked the other.

"Yes, his name is Stark. He's manager of the Wilson Mills, and a rough one. He is to be expelled from the club."

"Is he?" said Jimmie thoughtfully, pulling on his gloves. "On account of that affair with—?" Jimmie lifted his eyebrows inquiringly.

"No, not that, although he did act the part of a cad, towards his superintendent's daughter. You see it's because he has been proven a cheat."

"So, that's why, eh? I suppose that little girl was as much to her father and mother as though she had been a society belle. It would have hurt just as much, eh, John?"

"Oh, I don't know," answered Forbes, impatiently. "Hurry up, Jimmie, and clear out."

"I don't really think I want to go, old man," said Jimmie, pulling off his gloves. "I like this place first rate." Just here Stark and two companions came into the lobby, their overcoats on their arms.

They were speaking in undertones, and laughed as though they were pleased at something.

"I say, Forbes," cried Stark, catching sight of the friends. "Any time you

want to lose another fifty, let me know, will you?"

A deep flush overspread Forbes' face, but before he could frame a reply to the other's like, Jimmie spoke:

"If you would allow me," he said, bowing gravely, "I would like to say that I have a new fifty-dollar note in my pocket that I would like to wager."

"Have you really, now?" asked Stark, with a wicked sneer.

"Yes, sir," answered Jimmie modestly. "I'd just love to bet it, no matter if I did lose."

Stark's companions laughed.

"He's game, anyway," said one.

"Innocence abroad," answered another.

"Well, I'll bet you I can beat you one game of English billiards, for say one hundred a side."

"Gentlemen, I protest!" cried Forbes.

"Very well," said Stark. "It was your verdant friend who suggested it, I am privileged to call such bluffs, I hope."

"Oh, I am not bluffing," said Jimmie, removing his coat. "We used to play a little billiards in the Y.M.C.A. rooms in Montreal. I got so at last I could beat Juke Jones like was a street car conductor, and I've seen him make as high as ten billiards without a miss."

"Really, now, that was certainly exceptional," laughed Stark.

"Well, if you're not bluffing, suppose we get started."

The four men passed back into the billiard room, and it was not long before a goodly number were gathered about the table to witness Stark trim a new one.

"What in thunder has got into you?" said John, drawing Jimmie to one side. "The shark has your money already."

Jimmie looked thoughtful.

"If I thought that, I'd withdraw," he said hesitatingly.

"But you can't withdraw. It would be a disgrace. It's got to be good-bye one hundred. Oh, Lord!"

"Gad, you're enough to make a man

nervous, John. You haven't got a match, Jimmie?"

"Heavens! You're not going to smoke now, are you?" cried Forbes.

"Just a puff or two, just a puff or two. I might as well enjoy my pipe while our friend is enjoying the palling of my leg for a clear one hundred. By the way, John, you're not betting on the game, I suppose?"

John looked at his friend blankly.

"I see you're not," said Jimmie, producing from an inner pocket, a snug roll of bills, and pressing it into Forbes' unwilling hand. "Now, John dear, noble, unselfish friend, I want you to bet every cent of this money on him." Jimmie nodded towards Stark, who, coat and vest off, stood talking lightly to some old cronies and chalking his cue. "There's five hundred in that bunch, old man," he said gently.

Forbes laughed in spite of himself.

"It's no use, Jimmie. I couldn't get a taker if I was to offer ten to one. Everybody knows Stark will win."

"Hang it all!" Jimmie stroked his chin in vexation. "I never thought of that. I suppose they do."

"Yes, they know he will win."

"Well, there's only one thing you can do, then, Johnnie. You must bet on me."

"Oh, Lord!" said Forbes, weakly.

"What a fool you are! Do you think I'd do it?"

"You've got to do it, it's my money."

"But you'll lose it all, Jimmie, lose every cent of it."

"I'll take a chance."

"But I tell you, I won't be a party to this robbery."

"Very well then, I'll bet it myself," said Jimmie reproachfully.

"Well of all— See here, Jimmie, if you must be a fool, I'll be your hookie. I can get better odds than you can."

"All right, bet it all, John. Or, no. Perhaps you'd better keep back a dollar or two. I've just remembered that I have some letters to post."

"I said that I would play for ten thousand dollars," said Stark hoarsely.

The billiard room was now packed to the doors, members of the club having been attracted to the place through having received the tip that Stark had at last met his Waterloo. About the table was a clear space of four feet. Tobacco smoke hung heavy in the room. The chandelier lights gleamed dimly through it.

Jimmie smoothed down his thin hair thoughtfully, and felt in his vest pocket.

"Will you play me one more game for ten thousand?" Stark's face was haggard and drawn. His black hair hung across his eyes, and when he brushed it impatiently away one could note the tremor of his hand.

"Really, do you know I don't want to win any more of your money," answered Jimmie, as he knocked the ashes from his pipe. "You have lost heavily you see, and I will say that you have been a game loser at that. No, I don't think that I want to play you for that amount."

He looked Stark straight in the eyes as he spoke.

"You have won more than that amount from me," said the other, coming close to Jimmie, so that his words might not be heard by other ears. "I have only about ten thousand left in the world. Give me the satisfaction of either retrieving or of losing."

There was almost an appeal in his tones.

"God, old man, I will!" cried Jimmie, after some thought.

Everybody crowded as close to the table as they were allowed, when it became known that the final game for such glorious stakes was on.

It could be seen that Stark was playing his best. Jimmie, on the other hand, seemed to have lost interest. When half-time was called, and his marker came and whispered in his ear, Jimmie glanced at his string and smiled as he noted, seemingly for the first time, that his opponent was far in the lead.

All his old confidence and swagger

had returned to Stark. He looked over at Jimmie with a sneer on his dark face.

"You're streak of good luck seems to have deserted you, my friend," he said, with a sinister smile.

"Well, I must try to lure her back," answered Jimmie pleasantly.

The game was now on again; the crowded room was silent, save for the sound of the balls striking together.

Jimmie was playing now, and playing his very best. Gradually he gained in points, until he was again even. Now he was ahead, and gaining steadily.

Eight points from the end, the two men looked into each other's eyes. On the one's face was depicted baffled rage and utter hopelessness. On the other's face was pictured a child-like pleasure, such as a boy might wear after winning a game of marbles.

Stark turned and attempted a difficult shot, only to make a fluke that sold its own story to those who played and understood the game.

He was beaten.

He turned slowly and handed his cue to the referee. The referee nodded to the stakeholder.

Stark had lost all he owned to Jimmie Thrums.

Jimmie walked away from the table, good-naturedly acknowledging the congratulations of many of the by-standers. John Forbes found him standing on the sidewalk, just outside the door.

"By the powers, but you're a wonder, Jimmie, and no mistake," he cried, seizing his friend's hand. "Come along, now, and we'll get away before we get into trouble."

"I want to see Stark for a moment," said Jimmie. "Here he comes now."

"I trust that you are satisfied that it was a fair game," he said, advancing and holding out his hand.

Stark was alone. He looked dauntlessly at Jimmie, then, seeming to understand, he took the hand extended to him in his own. "I'm satisfied," he said shortly, and turned away.

"Poor devil!" said Forbes, as he

watched them. "He has lost everything."

Jimmie laid his hand on Stark's arm.

"Let me come with you," he said gently.

"No, I don't want anybody with me, you least of all," replied the other, shaking off the hand.

"Well, I'll come anyway, so lead on."

"See here," said Stark, as they walked slowly away side by side, "don't you think you've done enough? Why don't you go away and leave me alone?"

"I'll tell you why as soon as we get to your rooms. I think your rooms are somewhere hereabouts, eh?"

"You seem to be pretty well posted," said the other with a hard laugh. "Yes, here they are."

He produced a latch key and opened a door off the street as he spoke.

The lights turned on. Jimmie cast a critical eye around the room. It was beautifully and artistically furnished.

"Nice rooms, you have here, Mr. Stark," he said. "Don't suppose you'd mind my smoking up a bit. I see you have a cigar."

"Smoke or do anything you please. These rooms and furniture don't belong to me, so I don't care."

Jimmie lifted his eyebrows. "Oh!" he said.

"They are yours now," said Stark.

"Gad, I guess you're right," said Jimmie with a laugh. "Funny, isn't it, my asking if I might smoke in my own rooms? Say, have a fresh cigar?"

He handed a couple of cigars to the other man, and lit his pipe.

"What are you going to do now?" asked Jimmie, after the two men had smoked in silence for a time.

"Eh?" cried the other, rousing himself. "Do? Oh, I don't know. That is, I don't choose to tell."

"No? Well, I wish you'd let me know."

"Well, I will tell you, then. I purpose taking the quickest route I can get out of it all. Now, you've got it."

"Ump!" said Jimmie slowly. "Now, you wouldn't mind doing the little job

somewhere else, I suppose, as these rooms are mine, now, I just wouldn't like the idea of occupying them after a chap committing suicide in them. See?"

"Say, you are certainly a cold-blooded devil," said Stark, almost a look of admiration in his eyes.

"No, simply practical," said Jimmie. "But why polish yourself off in that manner? It's very old-fashioned, you know."

"Well, what would you suggest?" asked the other, looking away.

"Why, I should say, get married," said Jimmie. "I see you have some sweet faces on your mantel—pardon me, on my mantel—there, and it should be easy. Just as good as suicide, anyway. Better, I would imagine—in some respects."

"See here, say what you have to say, and don't jest with me!" cried Stark, springing up and walking up and down the room.

"Well, I will. I think you should marry, and I think you will marry. I think it's the very best thing you can do, and when you've taken ten minutes to reflect on it, you'll be of my opinion. Now, I have a proposition to make to you. I want you to marry, and if you will agree to marry the girl I select, I am willing on my part to give you back the little fortune I won from you to-night. Now, keep quiet and listen, and don't say a word until I am through. On my part, I promise to select for you only such a young lady as you have met. She won't be old or homely, or anything of that sort. She will be something quite the reverse, and you can bet all the money you don't happen to possess that she will be a great deal too good for you."

Jimmie stopped to light his pipe, and waved the other a protest when he attempted to speak.

"On after thought, I will make a part of the little fortune over to your wife—or, no, I'm hanged if I do. I really think you would use the woman bearing your name square. Now, get your thinking cap on for ten minutes. I must go at the end of that time. I've got some things to do. Fact is, I'm going to get married myself."

Jimmie put his long legs on the table, and smoked contentedly. At last he came to himself with a start.

"All right," he said. "You've had fifteen minutes—five more than you needed."

The other man came over slowly, and held out his hand.

"Will you take it?" he asked huskily. "Do you know, I could have killed most any other man who talked to me as you have, especially to-night. I'll be frank with you. I had intended doing away with myself, and—well, you are right. There is a little girl whom I have treated shamefully, and her face has been before mine for the past two hours. She is, as you say, far too good for me, but, perhaps, I could learn to do better. I see you have learned who she is and I understand what your object is. Do you know, there are two of you. The one man I played with and lost. Your other self I play with again now, and win. For, as God is above me, it is a win to have my eyes opened as you have opened them."

Jimmie took the other's hand. "That is all right," he said cheerfully. "You really think, then, I have accomplished something extraordinary? Good-bye. That's what I set out to do. It had to be done!"

An Understudy to a Queen

MR. SIDNEY GREVILLE

From The London Tatler

SO numerous are the Queen's public and private engagements that her Majesty finds it absolutely impossible to keep them all in person and has to attend many social functions and public ceremonies by deputy. Her Majesty's deputy on all such occasions is her private secretary, Mr. Sidney Greville, who has acted as the Queen's representative many hundreds of times since their Majesties came to the throne. When Mr. Greville attends any social function as the Queen almost the same ceremony is observed as if her Majesty were present in person.

The host and hostess must be ready to receive him directly he arrives; just as no one is ever introduced to her Majesty at any social function unless at the Queen's request, so no one is introduced to her deputy. When the Queen attends any private function the hostess is always informed at least two days beforehand of the hour when her Majesty will arrive, and etiquette requires that all the other guests will have arrived before that time; just the same ceremony is observed when her Majesty is represented by Mr. Greville, who, by the way, on such occasions, is usually addressed by the host and hostess as sir.

To successfully fill the role of the Queen's representative requires an immense deal of tact, especially at a private social function, when a

hostess always to a certain extent is bound to feel more or less disappointed at the Queen's unavoidable absence and for which etiquette even forbids her Majesty's deputy to apologize. He is there in place of her Majesty, and the very fact that he must be received with al-



Mr. Sidney Greville

Who Has Acted as the Queen's Representative Many Hundreds of Times Since Their Majesties Came to the Throne.

most the same deference as the Queen makes his part a peculiarly difficult one to play, there is probably not another man in England who could have played it with such conspicuous success as Mr. Greville. A man of consummate tact, delightful manners, and a most kindly disposition he has always succeeded in charming where it is odds many men would have given dire offence.

There is a story told of a certain well-known American hostess in London who met Mr. Greville at an entertainment where he was representing the Queen. "I don't mind telling you, Mr. Greville," said the lady in question, "that I should be very sorry to see you at my house in place of her Majesty." A little while later Mr. Greville curiously enough was deputed to represent the Queen at the house of this American lady. It is probable he had forgotten all about the remark which she had jestingly made to him some time before, but the lady remembered it, and when the Queen's deputy was leaving her house she observed to him, "It is against etiquette to say so I am afraid, but I must tell you that I feel as pleased and honored as if her Majesty herself had been here."

Mr. Greville was originally intended for a political career, but never took very kindly to political life, though the late Lord Salisbury, to whom he acted as private secretary, had a very high opinion of his abilities and was anxious that he should enter Parliament. Possibly he might have done so, but in 1898 the King, then of course Prince of Wales, offered him a position in the household, which Mr. Greville at once accepted, and a few years later he became private secretary to her Majesty.

As a courtier Mr. Greville found his true metier. His wit, his charm, his tact, his brilliant conversational powers, and his unfailing good temper would in any age have made him a good courtier, but Mr. Greville is

something more. He is an eminently good man of business and was largely responsible for bringing about the excellent organization that now prevails in the management of her Majesty's household.

No one, indeed, could successfully fill the arduous and responsible position held by Mr. Greville who had not in a high degree a talent for organization. For example, it is Mr. Greville who arranges all the details of the journey whenever her Majesty travels, which have, of course, to be settled beforehand, and often at very short notice. Even when the Queen goes to Sandringham from Buckingham Palace many little details have to be arranged. The time at which her Majesty will leave the palace, when she will arrive at the station, the names of the railway officials who will be present to receive her, whether the train is to be a special or ordinary, and the number of stops that are to be made on the journey, are all matters that Mr. Greville must be ready to lay before the Queen ere she starts.

Like details have to be arranged when the Queen travels abroad, but under Mr. Greville's skilful management they are settled without the least difficulty, and a clear, accurate, and concise programme of the journey is always ready for her Majesty's inspection long before she starts. Possibly the Queen may require some alteration to be made in it, and it is always so arranged that this can be done readily and quickly.

It is scarcely necessary to observe that only a man accurately and widely informed in the methods and means of modern traveling could accomplish such work. Mr. Greville could, indeed, if he had the time or inclination, write an illuminating volume on "How to Travel," for he possesses a knowledge of the subject that is thorough and complete.

From time to time her Majesty holds special receptions at Buck-

ingham Palace, as she did, for example, when in 1904 she received the nurses of the Royal Pension Fund at the palace and presented certificates to 1,000 of them. An incident of this sort is recorded in the newspapers in a few lines, but the details of the work of organizing such a reception would fill several columns. Mr. Greville is, however, a master of detail and especially shines when organizing a reception of this character. He knows exactly what her Majesty requires to be done and how she wishes it to be done, and understands precisely how to carry out her instructions. Hundreds of letters may have to be written, hundreds of people seen, hundreds of little difficulties surmounted, but on the day of the reception it is certain that everything will go off like clockwork.

There must be no hitch at royal

receptions, and there never is; they are arranged and managed by a man who never makes a mistake. Mr. Greville is the least fussy of men; however busy he may be he is always courteous, pleasant, and good-tempered. In the course of his duties he has to give instructions to a large number of people, and to give them clearly and concisely so that there will not be the least chance of their being misunderstood, but Mr. Greville possesses the art of being able to do this and at the same time can couch his instructions in language that is always entirely courteous. Mr. Greville belongs to several clubs but like most members of the household, chiefly frequents the Marlborough. He plays a good game of bridge, but his favorite relaxation is the theatre, which he attends constantly.

Are You Afraid to Take Chances?

Success Magazine

Many a man fails because he does not dare to take risks, to take the initiative.

When do you expect to do anything distinctive in life? When do you expect to get out of the ranks of mediocrity? The men who do original things are fearless. There is a lot of dare in their make-up, a great deal of boldness. They are not afraid to take chances, to shoulder responsibility, to endure inconvenience and privation.

There never was a time when the quality of courage was so absolutely indispensable in the business world as it is to-day. It does not matter how many success qualities you possess, young man, if you lack courage you will never get anywhere. Not even honesty or perseverance will take its place. There is no substitute for courage.

It does not matter how well educated you may be, or how good a training you may have had for your vocation, if you are a hesitator, if you lack that courage which dares to risk all on your judgment, you will never get above mediocrity.

The men who stand at the top of their line of endeavor stand there because they have the courage of their convictions. They had the courage to climb, had the nerve to undertake even against advice of others.

Motor-Cars for the Millions

By JULIAN CHASE

From Van Norden's Magazine

A TOY for the wealthy? Not if you mean for only those who may be rated long in bank accounts. A plaything for the rich? This well-worn phrase is no longer applicable to the motor-car as a limiting characterization. A toy it may be, and in fact it is, for certain wealthy ones, and a plaything; but the motor-car to-day is far more—it is a very useful, economical, and soon-to-be-necessary type of vehicle for those who must get about, for the doctor, contractor, farmer, mail carrier, butcher, grocer and collector, for any one whose daily work is such that distance must be covered,



A Motor Buggy Worth \$300

for any one who now gets propelling power from horse-flesh.

Undoubtedly in its early days the motor-car was the rich man's toy—some said the rich man's burden. But that was the necessary beginning of a thing which was destined to benefit The Millions; and to one who saw that thing begin, it is interesting to look back and to note how the attitude of The Millions toward the motor-car has changed.

When once the motor-car began

to make headway, when it had reached that stage in its development where it was to be seen occasionally on the public roads, it was regarded with curiosity at first, and then, because a horse was frightened or a chicken killed, with fear and unreasoning antagonism. Gradually this hostile feeling narrowed down as the use of motor-cars extended. Roads and parks were thrown open. Restrictions were removed. Speed limits were extended, and now it is generally agreed that the thing to be "regulated" is not the car, but the egotist with no regard for the rights of others, the unbalanced hog who happens to be sitting in its seat.

Against the motor-car there is now no general feeling. It is recognized as a good. It is for The Millions, and the millions want it. It was laughed at, wondered at, cursed—and now is clamored.

Would you own a motor-car? Can you pay \$150, \$250, \$500 or \$1,000 for one and have enough left for operating expenses?—for no car exists or ever will exist that can be run for nothing. If you can and would, you have but to "take your pick," for cars are to be had at the figures given. Did you ask if they are good ones? They are worth \$150, \$250, \$500 or \$1,000 and it may be more. Much depends on how one measures value. What sort of cars are they? Look at the illustrations and see. Rather good, we should

say. Have prices dropped? Read on.

When you saw that luxurious limousine of 40 horse-power, two years ago, and heard that it cost \$5,000, you probably said, "Well, they'll be cheaper some day." And as you read this article, which your editor has called "Motor-cars for The Millions," you may remark, "I told you so." But you are wrong—that is, in part. The makers of that limousine are probably getting \$6,000 for their best effort now, and are selling all that they can make, and

it come about?" The explanation is that your "I told you so," is also partly right. Prices have dropped, where what one gets for his money is the thing considered. Because of vast improvements in design, which time alone could bring about, because of advanced methods of manufacture, learned by expensive experience and made possible by a greater amount of available capital and an increased demand; because of the use hitherto impossible of materials of a grade better suited to the work the parts are called



A Typical Canadian Roadster, Worth \$2,000

while it may be true that the high price limit, except for specially built vehicles, has been reached, there is not, and probably never will be, any marked falling off in the prices of the highest types of motor-cars. On the other hand there has been on the market during the past two years a constantly increasing number of cars at figures which put them within reach of The Millions. The price of yachts has not been reduced, yet the "chug-chug" of the motor-boat—the yachts of The Millions—is to be heard on every body of water deep enough to float one.

You will naturally ask, "How has

upon to do; because of a much better general understanding of the many difficulties to be overcome, because of these things and because of a corresponding development in allied lines, the motor-car manufacturer is to-day able to sell for \$2,000 or \$3,500 a car infinitely better, more powerful and reliable than he could build five years ago for nearly twice that sum.

In fact, it would not have been possible to have built the cars we have in mind before the present day. The materials were not to be had, and if they had been, they could not have been handled in the same



A Motor-Drag With Capacity of Five Tons

economical manner. We did not know so much as we know now about motor efficiency, and if we had it would not have been possible to get the motors made as they should have been. To take an example along this line, we cite the case of a well-known maker whose cars in 1903 were fitted with motors giving seven horse-power. With our increase of motor weight, as time went on, the horse-power was increased to eight, ten, twelve, and now is eighteen; and the cost of production is probably less than it was at first.

So much for power. In the matter of durability it may be said that the use of alloy steels in place of "standard" stock, of pressed steel in place of castings, of new types of ball and roller bearings in place of inferior bronze and babbit, has done much to lengthen the car's life, and improved ignition, more dependable, and efficient carbureters and refined cooling systems have made for much greater reliability.

Take the best representative of the medium-priced motor-cars of

to-day, look at it carefully, and you will find that it has all the features of the high-priced car of yesterday, and is better all in all than the high-priced car of the day before. The low-priced car of to-day is a new development made possible by the general advance of the motor industry and the constantly growing demand for the car of The Millions. It may be small—you can't buy a skyscraper for the price of a cottage; it may not be as powerful as that \$2,000 limousine—power means weight and weight means increased cost; it may not be fast, speed is expensive—but it will carry you and your wife, if you have one, comfortably; it will go where you want to go, up hill and down, and it will run fast enough to bring you under the law—if that is what you want.

He who would buy a motor-car for \$500 or less, has to-day a variety of types from which to choose. At \$150 there is offered him a little car, probably better suited to his son, which has a single cylinder motor and a double-belt drive to the rear wheels. At \$250 there is another and

larger machine into which he would more comfortably fit, which also has a single cylinder motor, this one of four horse-power, driving the wheels through a friction disc and chains. At \$300 there are others of much the same type, and \$400 the range of choice is widened by the addition of the "motor-buggy" type, of which we will say more later, and the appearance of cars with two-cylinder motors. At \$500 the offering is quite pretentious, with the general lines of a much larger car, a roomy seat for two, and a motor capable of driving the car at a very good pace and of taking it anywhere and everywhere.

As the price increases above \$500 there is a corresponding increase in the number of cars to be had. Their size and power increase as well until, at \$850, we see a four-cylinder, four-passenger touring car with magneto ignition, shaft drive and all the "ear-marks" of a big car. At \$1,000 we have a four-cylinder run-about with twenty horse-power, or as much power as the racing cars of eight years ago. At \$1,250 and

\$1,500 we have a closer approach to mechanical and vehicle perfection than was thought but a short time ago to be attainable even at a much higher figure. These cars have four-cylinder motors of thirty horse-power or more, magnetos as the source of ignition current, the sliding type of change-speed gears, bevel gear drives, five-passenger touring bodies, and everything that one could reasonably ask for in a car of their size.

And now a word about the "motor-buggy." It is a product of the Middle West. Four years ago the motorist of the east first noticed it—and laughed. The western farmer saw it, too—and was interested. He finally bought one. His neighbor bought another. Now there are at least twenty companies trying to meet the demand. The motorist of the east laughs at it no more. He shakes his head instead, and says, "There's a good deal in that idea after all." And so there is, as the western farmer has found out. Some day his New England brother will take it up. Its large



A Mail-Car, Made in Canada for the New Zealand Government

diameter wheels and easy springs make solid tires possible, its "clearance" makes it adaptable to what we know as "country roads." Its simplicity makes it easy to "keep going." Its price puts it within the reach of any one who keeps a horse.

goods at the same cost as with horses, then are The Millions benefited materially. And it is this that the motor-car makes possible. It is this that the motor-car does, and as surely as the locomotive has displaced the stage coach, as surely as the

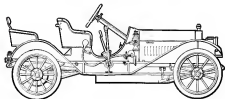


A Panhard, Costing About \$1000

The motor-car of The Millions is not only a pleasureable vehicle, but a business car as well. The greatest benefit derived from the motor comes not through the pleasure that it gives, but through the service that it renders. If the professional man can go as far at less cost or farther at the same cost; if the merchant can deliver the same amount of goods at less cost or a greater amount of

trolley has superseded the horse-car, as surely as machinery has always won in its conflict with the animal, just so surely will the motor-car displace and supersede the horse. And to the same extent will The Millions benefit.

"The motor-car of The Millions," the "machine for the masses," of yesterday a dream, to-day is a tangible reality.



A \$2500 Daimler

The Romance of the Rothschilds

By ANON

Reproduced from the Saturday Journal

IT was in a sordid, evil-smelling street in a Frankfort slum that the dazzling fortunes of the great house of Rothschild were created in the latter half of the eighteenth century. Picture a narrow lane, flanked on each side by towering rockeries of grimy houses, in which the air was always fetid and stagnant, and into which the light of the sun rarely penetrated; and at each end of this lane, a barricade of iron chains beyond which none of its residents might pass under fear of death. Within these narrow bounds hundreds of Jews led their narrow lives.

Such was the Judengasse of Frankfort, in the days when Meyer Amshel Rothschild was born in the year 1743, the son of a poverty-stricken dealer in oddments who took his name from the Red Shield (Rothschild) which hung, as a trade-sign, in front of his modest shop. His real name was Bauer, which branded him as of peasant origin.

Before he had reached his twelfth birthday young Meyer was known far beyond the limits of the Judengasse for his business astuteness. He quickly found Frankfort too cramped a sphere for his ambition; and packing up his few belongings he started one day, with a stout stick and a stouter heart for companions, on the long tramp to Hanover, where the bright-faced lad soon found a place in the office of a banker and money-changer. Here, by hard work and thrift, he managed to save the capital which enabled him to return to Frankfort a

man of means, and in a position to start as a dealer in bullion, curios, coins and bills of exchange on a large scale.

The real turn of the tide arrived when he came under the notice of William IX., Landgraf of Hesse-Cassel, who took the Jew into his favor, installing him as banker to himself and his court.

Those were the troublous times when Napoleon was flooding Europe with the horrors of war, and when great thrones were tottering and falling on all hands. When the destroying armies at last threatened Hesse-Cassel, William thought it high time to seek safety in flight. In his hurry to "pack up and be off" he had no time to secure his cash, which he was only too glad to leave in the hands of his banker, though probably he had misgivings as to seeing it again. Safer, however, he thought, in the hands of Rothschild, his Hof-agent, than in those of Napoleon. The sum amounted to a quarter of a million pounds. The Hof-agent, however, was equal to the crisis; he saw how to take good care of the money, and at the same time to make it yield an excellent return to himself. The result was that within six years he had nearly quadrupled the Landgraf's capital.

When Meyer lay dying, he summoned his five sons and as many daughters, and enjoined on them that when he was no more they should conduct the great business he had built up, in partnership, trusting each other

and working in harmony for the extension of the family fortunes, and that, with this object, their descendants should as far as possible intermarry.

All five sons had inherited much of their father's financial genius; but it was to Nathan, the third, that the lion's share fell. Arriving at Manchester as a youth, with less than £100 as capital, he prospered so rapidly as banker and money-lender that within a few years he was able to emigrate to London with £200,000 at his back, a substantial capital which he quickly increased ten-fold.

When Napoleon returned from Elba to take up the sword again, Nathan prepared for his greatest coup. Not trusting to his agents, he himself ventured as far as the field of Waterloo, and from a neighboring height watched the ebb and flow of that epoch-making battle. The moment he saw the tide turning decisively against Napoleon, he jumped on his swift horse and raced, as one possessed, to Ostend.

Here he encountered a serious check. The sea was running mountain high and no fishermen dared venture on it. An offer of 2,000 francs at last secured the services of one more venturesome than his fellows, and after a perilous voyage Nathan was landed at Dover, from whence he posted fast as horses could gallop, through the night, to London, and at 1 o'clock the next morning was found leaning against his accustomed pillar at the Stock Exchange.

For days the Stock Exchange had been extraordinarily nervous, and was now in a state to be influenced either way by the faintest and most unrel-

iable hint. It was known that Nathan had left for the Continent, and when he appeared again there was a great silence of consternation. Then suddenly, from what source no one was quite certain, the news began to circulate that the hundred and seventeen thousand Prussians under Blücher had been cut down at Ligny on the 16th and 17th of June, and that Wellington was a doomed man. This news produced an extraordinary effect, and the funds dropped to absurd prices, Nathan himself being amongst the very first to sell. But while he sold gingerly with his left hand the few had bought in bounteousness with his right, and when the good news came on the following day Nathan had netted a million pounds.

The fortune left by Nathan to his four sons has been estimated at £10,000,000.

Baron Nathan was succeeded in England by his son, Baron Lionel, who still further enhanced the family fortunes. He was the chief mover in the construction of all the leading Continental lines, and in the loan of £4,000,000 to the British Government for the purchase of Suez Canal shares from the Khedive. But his chief title to memory is his magnificent work for his co-religionists, whose political emancipation, among other great and beneficent services, he secured.

Of the later history of this great family the story is perhaps too well known to require re-telling. To-day, the Rothschilds, still presenting a harmonious and consolidated front, are incomparably the wealthiest family in Europe, and probably in the world.

Ye Story of Caviare

With a Cee Legend
of the Surgeon

From the Manitoba Free Press

Illustrated by Hay Steel

MANITOBA yields other harvests than those that are reaped from its fertile soil. The name and fame of Manitoba's wheat have gone abroad to countries overseas, as well as throughout our own continent; but it is far from being generally known, even in our own continent, that Manitoba has important fisheries. The mental picture which is usually conjured up by the name of this Province is that of a sea-like expanse of fertile soil, a prairie empire of "the gold that grows," a land of wheatfields that stretch to the circling sky. Besides its widespread wealth of prairie land, of which great areas yet await their first furrowing by the settler's plough, Manitoba possesses lakes of large extent, and these are furrowed by the keels of fishing fleets which reap rich harvests yearly. The Manitoba of to-day is vastly



larger than the Manitoba which, in 1870, became a Province of the Dominion of Canada. It is the only prairie Province that has a sea coast. It is as large as Texas, the largest State to the neighboring republic; more than twice as large as Great Britain and Ireland; larger than France, Sweden or Spain; more than twice the size of Italy; larger than Chile. It has the commodious sea harbors of Fort Churchill and York Factory, on Hudson Bay, the Mediterranean of this continent. The building of a railway to Fort Churchill is now going forward as a Dominion Government work, and the opening up of the Hudson Bay outlet for the grain of Western Canada to the European market is definitely embarked upon as a national undertaking. The Bay itself, which is the third largest sea in the world—being exceeded only by the Mediterranean and the Caribbean—yields the northern whale, so prized for its "whale-bone," a single adult specimen being now worth \$15,000, the white whale, or grampus, the narwhal, whose tusk, from six to ten feet long, yields a valuable ivory, the walrus, five species of seals, and thirty kinds of edible



fishes. The peltries of the sea and shore remain undiminished, though fur hunting has gone on for three centuries. The great Company which takes its name from the Bay, exports in that region \$2,000,000 annually in the purchase of furs, chiefly those of the bear, fox, wolf, wolverine, lynx, skunk, ermine, marten, mink, muskrat, otter, and the renowned beaver; and of the products of the whale, porpoise and walrus fisheries it also exports large quantities annually to the British markets. Great quantities of sturgeon sounds, or air bladders, from which isinglass is made, are also shipped. The forest products include three varieties each of pine and spruce, two each of elm, ash, poplar and birch, and one each of aspen, tamarack and fir. Smaller growths, suitable for pulp-making, also abound.

The existence of such minerals as iron, copper, silver, gold, mica, gypsum, antimony, asbestos and coal has been demonstrated, the deposits, yet untouched, being of vast extent.

Of the lakes of Manitoba, Lake Winnipeg is the largest, being 275 miles long, and from 40 to 60 miles wide, its area being about 9,000 square miles, and its total coast line longer than that of any of the Great Lakes, except Lake Superior. No other Province or State has entirely within its boundaries a body of water at all approaching it in magnitude. Great Salt Lake, in Utah, is

only one-fifth of the extent of Lake Winnipeg. The largest of its tributaries is the Saskatchewan River, one of the four great rivers of the continent east of the continental divide; its total length is 1,090 miles. The Red River, 700 miles in length, and the Winnipeg River, 300 miles in length, and many minor rivers, also pour into Lake Winnipeg. The Nelson River is its principal outlet, and connects it with Hudson Bay. Next in magnitude to Lake Winnipeg come Lakes Manitoba and Winnipegosis, the former 125 miles long and 25 miles wide, the latter 130 miles long and 20 miles wide. Of smaller lakes there are many. The fishing industry is carried on mainly on Lake Winnipeg. This year's catch on that lake amounted to 8,000,000 pounds, making, at an average value of 5 cents per pound, a total value of \$400,000. The great bulk of this catch was exported by the Dominion Fish Com-



pany to the United States, consisting chiefly of white fish, which is in great demand. There are also considerable quantities of pickerel, pike, catfish and sturgeon exported. Of caviar the annual export is from \$10,000 to \$15,000 in value. It goes to Europe, most of it to Hamburg, which is the headquarters of the trade. The little package of caviar accompanying this book is of this year's take on Lake Winnipeg. It goes to you from the Manitoba Free Press with the wish that you may relish your Christmas good cheer with gusto as hearty as that of Peter the Great for his favorite dishes, among which caviar held a foremost place.

The word caviar, caviare, or, as it was called in England more than three hundred years ago, caviary, is, the philologists tell us, cognate with the Dutch kaviaar, and the German, Danish and Swedish kaviar—all derived from the French caviar, formerly caviol, which is traced to the Italian caviale, formerly also caviaro, which the philologists further inform us, is cognate with the Spanish caviar (there is also Spanish word cabal, meaning sausage made with caviar), and the Portuguese caviar and caviol, both of which words mean caviar. The modern Greek word for it is kabiari, the medieval Latin was caviarium, the Turkish word is bayyar, and the Russians call it ikra. So much for the name of it. Now for the thing itself.

Caviar is the roe of the sturgeon prepared as a table delicacy. As a dish too rare to be known by the generality of people, and the flavor of which would not be relished by an undiscerning palate, Shakespeare makes Hamlet speak of it, in describing a play which was too fine to be appre-

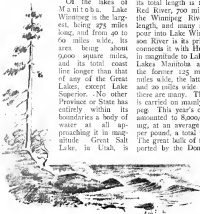
ciated by ordinary minds. "Twas caviare to the general" (meaning the generality), says the Prince of Denmark. Anchovies were likewise regarded as being above the appreciation of any but those of most exquisite taste. In one of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays, these lines occur in a passage advising a young lady how to behave so as to be taken for a person of the highest fashion:

"Laugh wide and loud—and vary;
A smile is for a sleeping novice,
One that ne'er tasted caviar,

Nor knows the smack of dear anchovies."

Caviar was so fashionable that affected travelers soon made a point of declaring that they cared for few other delicacies besides it. There is a description of such a coxcomb in "Blount's Observations," published in 1660. "A pasty of venison," it says, makes him sweat, and then swear that the only delicacies be mushrooms, caviare, or snails." In an old play, "The Muses' Looking Glass," one of the characters says,

"Thou dost not know the sweets of getting wealth."
To which the reply is made,
"Nor thou the pleasure that I take in spending it, to feed on caviare and eat anchovies."
And Ben Johnson, describing an affected imitator of a fine gentleman,





writes that he "doth learn to make strange sauces, to eat anchovies, macaroni, bœuf, fagiolli and caviare, because he" — the person imitated — "loves them."

The following curious account is taken from Dr. Muscovy, a notable book of Cravill's "Ancient and Present State of travels" which was published in London in 1668:

"Caviare, or

throw away the fish (though the daintiest of all fish) reserving only the spawn, of which they sometimes take an hundred and fifty or two hundred weight out of one fish. These roes they salt and press and put up into casks, if it is to be sent abroad, else they keep it unpressed, only a little corned with salt. That made of sturgeon's spawn is black and small grained, somewhat waxy, like potage, and is called ikary by the Muscovites. This is also made by the Turks. The second sort, which is made of the roes of the belluga, or white fish, has a grain as large as a small peppercorn, of darkish grey. The caviare made of this spawn the Muscovites call Armeinska ikary, because they believe it was first made up by the Armenians. Both kinds they cleanse from its strings, salt it, and lay it up on shelving boards, to drain away the oily and most unctuous part; this being done, they salt it, press it, and put it up in casks containing 700 or 800 weight, and so send it to Muscovy and other places; from thence it is transported by the English and Dutch into Italy. That giew which is called ising-glass is made out of the belluga's sounds."

The preparation of caviar is a simple enough operation, yet one requiring skill and experience to get the best results. A specially prepared salt, known as caviar salt, is used. The sturgeon roe and this salt are the only ingredients in caviar. The quality of



cavjar (called by the Russians ikary), is made of the roes of two different fishes, which they catch in the River Volga, but especially near the City of Astracan, to wit, of the sturgeon and the belluga. I will not pretend to describe the first, it being too well known in these parts; but the belluga is a large fish, about twelve or fifteen foot long, without scales, not unlike a sturgeon, but more large and incomparably more luscious, his belly being as tender as marrow and his flesh whiter than veal, whence he is called white fish by the Europeans. This belluga lies in the bottom of the river, at certain seasons, and swallows many large pebbles of great weight to ballast himself against the force of the stream of the Volga, augmented by the melting of the snows in the spring; when the waters are asswaged he disgorges himself. Near Astracan they catch sometimes such a quantity of them that they

the caviar depends upon the care in handling it, and in keeping it at the right temperature throughout the whole process. The caviar from Lake Winnipeg is shipped to Hamburg in kegs containing from 100 to 125 pounds. It is said that some of it finds its way back across the Atlantic in one-pound, half-pound and quarter-pound jars and tins, as the Russian article. By the Russians and Germans caviar is used as a staple article of diet. They eat large quantities of it with bread, usually made up as sandwiches, or spread on single slices of bread. By gourmets the world over it is greatly relished as an appetizing hors d'œuvre.* The usual way of serving it is first to make it as cold as possible, without freezing it, and then mix a little lemon juice with it and spread it upon thin, crisp toast, either with or without hard-boiled egg. It is used also as a filling for sandwiches, always with lemon juice, and usually with the addition of chopped hard-boiled egg. It is known that King Edward is specially fond of caviar sandwiches at luncheon. Caviar is never cooked.

The sturgeon fishing on Lake Winnipeg is done almost entirely by the Indians. They take the fish in pound nets, and keep them alive in enclosures, or pens, which they make in suitable places near the shore, where the water is not too deep, by driving in stakes and so making a fence to keep the sturgeon prisoners, until they are ready to make a journey is one of their sailing boats, to one of the calling places of the fisherman companies' steamers, or until one of these steamers visits a locality where there is a sturgeon pen. At Fort Alexander, the Hudson's Bay Company's trading post at the mouth of the Winnipeg River, which for more than a century has been one of the most important posts on Lake Winnipeg, you can always count upon finding some Indians and half-breeds. Of the

fishers to be found there, the veteran is Gran'pere Lalonde. He is very old — nearer ninety than eighty years, they say. In the summer time he sits on the rough plank platform in front of the store at Fort Alexander, smoking his beloved habit tobacco and watching the great river change color with the varying sun and wind. In the winter he crouches in his corner behind the stove at his son's homestead beyond the reserve up the river, shaling his old grey head, and from time to time muttering to himself.

At times he will tell stories of les vieux temps. Some of them are queer



tales, for Gran'pere Lalonde has seen strange things in his time; and if they were less rambling, and if one could write down the old man's own words, they would make good reading.

The strangest story of all, perhaps, is of the time Gran'pere Lalonde saw l'Eurgeois Royal, the great sturgeon of Cree tradition, the mythical monster which guards the fishing grounds of Lake Winnipeg — the terror of all old-time Cree fishers, and to be propitiated only by the sacrifice of the choicest portion of each day's catch.

Had I but the gift, I could make

* In Russia the sturgeon is valued not only for its roe but also for its skin, which is used for making shoes and other articles. It is also known as caviar.

you feel the grip of that weird tale as Gran'pere Lalonde told it to me one summer evening, as we sat waiting for the Heaver's white sails to show around the high point of Lak Island. Nobody will believe the story, but that is neither here nor there. Half Cree in race, Gran'pere Lalonde is almost wholly Cree in mind, and as he grows older the French in him gives way before the savage, his inheritance from an Indian mother.

It was over fifty years ago. Gran'pere Lalonde and his partner, Michel Dupre, were camped for the summer fishing at Pigeon Bay, beyond the Narrows. There they had spread their nets and built their staves, on which the fish were to be sun-dried for use in the coming winter. The fishing had been poor, and they had shifted camp time after time, from Rabbit Point north to their present station.

"I tell you dis, 'Polson,'" said Dupre. "Dere is no luck to us while you kip not givin' dat way for l'Eurgeon Royal. He is tek de fish out of de net every tam, quick, for you not pay him his petite bouchée. I don' lak it, me, for to go feesh wit' you. Some day we go out, an' dat is all. Dere is no more 'Polson, no more Michel! Dat little gel Marie Beauchamp, she no t'ank you for dat, I t'ink me!"

"Sacre! Michel," said Lalonde, "dat is of Hinjin tale 'bout de King sturgeon. I lak see de feesh can kill 'Polson Lalonde. I'm catchin' heem in ma net, mebbe soon. I don' care, me; I t'row no feesh back on de lak dat I'm catchin', no not for de devil heemself!"

"Tek care wat you say, 'Polson, he's hearin' you! He's monche manitou, dat feller. He'll come out de lak an' keel you dead! Even de Compagnie she ray heem. Antoine Rouvier, at de Port, got back wan w't'fish in every t'irty for l'Eurgeon Royal."

"Antoine Rouvier ces wan squaw. Hees hair stan' up if de win' blow it de leaf at night. Me; I am French! I am not fear for Hinjin devil." And wrapping himself in his blanket,

'Polson turned on his side and slept the sleep of the just.

Michel damped the fire with the contents of the kettle and followed his example, as far as his fears would let him. For nearly a month now they had been fishing together, and the whole of that time 'Polson had steadfastly refused to follow the time-honored custom of throwing back an offering a fish from each take of the net. Michel paused the night restlessly, and rose in the morning with dire forebodings of disaster.

The morning dawned grey and drizzly. They broke their fast silently and sullenly, as though to avoid harking back to the previous evening's fruitless discussion. Together they ran their flat-bottomed boat into the water and stepped in.

"Now we shall see," said 'Polson, "if dat dam l'Eurgeon Royal has tek' ma feesh."

They reached the nets. The first pull brought their hearts with a leap to their mouths. "Jesu, Marie!" cried Michel; "dere is wan wonder feesh, if dere is wan in de net!"

The whole length of the net was one silvery gleam of fish. With the boat half full, 'Polson turned its nose towards the second net. As he did so, Michel stealthily reached forward and lifted a fish by the tail.

"Hol' on, Michel; drop dat!" 'Polson rose, oar in hand. "You t'row out dat feesh, you go wit' heem, for I hit you wit' de paddle. I t'ink shame for you, net like wan papoose."

Michel opened his hand reluctantly, and the fish slid squirming over its fellows to the bottom of the boat.

They reached the second net. Both were trembling with suppressed excitement. The best take of the season was theirs, yet the sturgeon spirit had been denied his sacrifice. Michel's terror was manifest in his shaking hands and pallid face, and even 'Polson, despite his vaunted disbelief, was not without some qualms of conscience.

All this Gran'pere had told me in the queerest mixture of English and

Canadian French, interlarded with Cree—his mother tongue. As his story proceeded, the old man's eyes glistened, he hunched himself forward in his chair, and his pipe ceased to glow, for he waved it in one yellow, wrinkled hand while the other nervously fumbled with the arm of his chair. As he reached again, in imagination, that second net which was to convince Michel of the mythical nature of the "Hinjin devil," his voice ceased. His hand was arrested in mid-air, and his eyes dilated, while his body seemed to stiffen unnaturally. In a silence broken only by the river noises and the voices of the children beyond the stockade, I waited for the resumption of his faculties. Presently he broke the stillness. In a low, hoarse voice, as though the terror of it were still with him, he spoke.

"I turn de boat—so!" I put in de oar. Michel, he tek hal' on de net an' pull. She is full—full more better dan de las'. Michel haul—p-raps half, an' de feesh com' tumblin' into de boat. I lean over to give heem han', for she come heavy, when, hohy

Mother of Saints, de boat she lift. A beeg wave lak de bottom of de lak' coom up turn de boat over, an' dere is no more Michel, no more feesh, no more boat! Moi—'Polson—on de lak, an' wan beeg nemsyon—arprnts long! He look at me wit' little red eye, an' turn over on hees side. I see hees beeg round mout, open as wide ma head, an' so close, so close! I'm not knowin' anyting after dat; I t'ink I'm drown, or dat feesh he eat me.

"De nex' t'ing, I'm in camp, an' Michel is dry ma clo'es, an' feex de kettle for tea. He shake, too, lak me. He say not'ing, lak me. De boat is dere an' de net, but de feesh, she is all gone.

"An' nex' tam we haul de net, de firs' fish is t'row over for l'Eurgeon Royal, for I hear heem say close in ma ear lak a w'isper: "'Polson, it is mine!" I look at Michel, but he don' hear it. Me! I'm t'rowin' de feesh, begar! An' every tam since dat I haul de net, I'm knowin' l'Eurgeon Royal feex hees eye, red, an' say: "'Polson, 'Polson, it ces mine!"





By HENRY M. HYDE

Article and Illustrations from Technical World Magazine

WHEN "Coal Oil Johnny" bought all the champagne in New York and emptied it into a plunge bath, so that he might take a swim in the sparkling wine, he was by comparison a mean and penurious miser. The only real, genuine, open-handed and free-hearted spendthrift in the tides of time is the government of the United States. For instance:

When Jay Cooke and his colleagues were projecting the Northern Pacific Railroad they took off their hats and made a bow to Congress.

"We're thinking of building to the Pacific coast," they said. "Can't you give us a little help?"

"Why, certainly," the Congress replied enthusiastically. "Just take the State of New York and go to work."

"Oh!" said the railroad promoters in a pained voice, "is that all? Why, we really expected something substantial!"

"Well," Congress answered, swelling with philanthropy and putting its hand into the public pocket, "of course if you feel that way about it you can put Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Jersey, Rhode Island and Delaware on the string, too. Now run along and get busy."

Still the Promoters stood and looked pathetically at that tender-hearted aggregation of statesmen.

"Why certainly," sobbed Congress, finally, vainly endeavoring to conceal its emotion, "we'll have the people lend you what money you need, too. Please don't look at us in that tone of voice any longer."

In other words, the land grant of forty-four millions of acres made as a free gift to the Northern Pacific Railroad Company by the national Congress more than equals in extent the total area of the States of New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Jersey, Rhode Island and Delaware.

Up to twelve years ago Congress had given away the public domain to railroad and other corporations to the extent of 260,000,000 acres, a bit of territory not far in extent from the total area of France and Germany, two countries which support between them a population much greater than the whole population of the United States when the last census was taken.

When one gets this terrific fact clear in his mind he is in a condition to realize that it is full time for Uncle Sam to make a determined effort to save what few scraps and remnants of

his patrimony are still left in his possession.

This movement, of which President Roosevelt stands at the head, is no attempt to resurrect the corpse of railroad subsidies. It is a bugle call to a man whose pocket has been picked, whose jewelry and valuables have been stolen, to wake up and defend himself before the thieves carry off his underclothes and leave him naked.

Like the negro question and other unsolved public problems, the railroad subsidy is a heritage of the Civil War. Nearly nine-tenths of all the vast land grants were made during that period of reckless and prodigal expansion which marked the decade which saw the beginning and end of the rebellion. The one great argument in their favor is that, without public aid, private capitalists could not be persuaded to invest their money in opening up a wild and unsettled country. And the one everlasting answer to that argument lies in the fact that the only trans-continental road which has never been in the hands of a receiver and never failed to pay all its promised dividends to stockholders is the Great Northern, which James J. Hill pushed through from Lake Superior to Puget Sound, over the wildest and most unsettled region on the continent, without the aid of a cent from the public treasury.

Land is the greatest of all natural resources. It contains and covers



Ken Leonard of Detroit

A Typical European Monarch, on his King-
dom Could Only Fill One-half the Domain
of America's Greatest Landowner.
BERRY HILL

Ons are on its surface all the others. There can get a clear idea of who owns the land, and the question of who controls the natural resources is answered. Unfortunately land titles in the United States are so involved that it is impossible to make a comprehensive statement on the subject. It is easy, however, to give specific examples which are sufficient proof of the fact that if the people are to save anything of their birthright, immediate action and permanent watchfulness are absolutely necessary. First of all, let it be understood that the great railroad companies are the least of land offenders. They merely took with open hands what a nation of spendthrifts allowed its reckless or dishonest servants to throw away. It remained for a small army of shrewd and unscrupulous men, some by taking advantage of loose land laws and some by bribing public officials, to segregate and set apart to their own use and possession vastly greater portions of the public land. Eighty years ago a poor boy was born in Waukegan,



A Comparison of the Reproductive Success of King Leopold and Henry Miller



Duke of Sutherland

One of the Largest English Landowners in America. He Owns 36,000 Acres.



Duke of Devonshire

Holds 20,000 Acres of Land in the United States.



Duke of Rutland

Whose Possessions in America Include 10,000 Acres of Land.



Duke of Portland

Holds 15,500 Acres of American Land.

Germany. He came to this country in a sailing ship, drifted across country to California and went to work as a butcher's boy, with nothing but his day's wages to depend on. At the present time, grown old and gray, this butcher's boy, whose name is Henry Miller, owns and controls fourteen and one-half million acres of rich and fertile land—22,500 square miles—equal in round numbers to the aggregate area of the States of Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Hampshire and Rhode Island.

Try to grasp what that means! And then turn over in your mind all the fairy stories and wonder tales that have ever been dreamed and written and then see how this true story of the penniless German butcher boy, who in fifty years became the absolute owner in fee of a magnificent empire, twice as large as Belgium, makes the wildest of them sound commonplace!

How did Henry Miller get possession of all this land? Ask any man from the Pacific coast and he will wink a knowing wink. "Why, from the government, of course—most of

it," is as far as he cares to go for publication. They are fast learning out on the Pacific coast, where most of the fat and fertile territory is divided up among a few great land kings, that the crime of lese majesty is a serious one. Where one hundred men hold title to 17,000,000 acres in the valley of the Sacramento, alone, how shall a common subject find the courage to defy them by pointing out the open and unblushing frauds by which some titles are acquired? When United States Senators, Congressmen, a Commissioner of the General Land Office at Washington, and scores of subordinate officials are proved to be in the pay of the land grafters, a plain American citizen-subject may be pardoned if he hesitates to call down on himself the wrath of the King!

One hears much of the evils of landlordism in Ireland. Henry Miller, a single American land-owner, is lord of the land over an area two-thirds as large as the whole of the Emerald Isle! One pities the condition of the down-trodden Irish peasants. Listen

to this incident of daily life on one of the Miller ranches:

One day Henry Miller, aforesaid, drove up to the ranch house. Since his last visit rats had eaten a brood of young chickens.

"Rats, hell!" snorted Miller. "Sign of decay! Where's that damned tramp of mine?"

How long will it take to develop the servile and cringing spirit of peasants, when one man can refer to any of the people who live in his kingdom—which is three times as large as the State of New Jersey—as "that damned tramp of mine?"

Go back to Ireland and recall how the hand of absentee landlordism has crushed the life out of that unhappy people. But how about absentee landlordism in America? Suppose the same dukes and earls and lords and barons who own the soil of Great Britain own as much more of the territory of the United States? To most people that supposition will sound like an absurd and impossible jest. They are invited to read the following incomplete list of landlords in the

United States, who are not only absentee but foreign landlords and most of whom bear titles of English nobility:

Name,	Number of acres owned.
Duke of Bedford	51,085
Earl of Brownlow	57,799
Earl of Carlisle	78,540
Earl of Cawdor	51,538
Earl of Cleveland	106,690
Earl of Derby	56,698
Duke of Devonshire	148,606
Lord of Londonderry	52,655
Duke of Northumberland	191,460
Duke of Portland	55,289
Earl of Powis	46,095
Duke of Rutland	70,639
Lady Willoughby	59,612
Sir W. W. Win	91,612
Earl of Yarborough	54,570
Baron Tweeddale	1,750,000
Byron H. Evans	700,000
Duke of Sutherland	422,000
W. Whaley, M.P.	310,000
Robert Tenant	530,000
Lord Dunsmore	120,000
Benjamin Nengas	100,000
M. Ellerhausen	90,000



Lord Dunsen

The Nobel Yachtman who Owns
Sixty Acres in Alabama

Lord Houghton	60,000
Lord Dunsen	60,000
A. Peet, M.P.	10,000
Alexander Grant	35,000

The above list, which was made twelve years ago, is most incomplete and imperfect. At that time there were fifty-six foreign individuals and corporations which owned as the United States land aggregating more than 26,000,000 acres—a territory much larger than the State of Indiana and including four-fifths as much land as all England. Kept in the public domain and divided up into homesteads it would have furnished 1,600,000 families with farms of 160 acres each.

Since the list was compiled foreign landlords have been the object of discussion and legislation both in Congress and in several State Legislatures. But any lawyer can explain how simple it is to evade laws against foreign landlordism. And the fact remains—no matter how titles at present may be involved in trusteeships and local holding corporations—that, in one way or another, a whole splen-

did empire which once belonged to the people has passed into the ownership of foreign noblemen and capitalists.

Even more significant is the rapid growth of enormous land holdings by resident capitalists and corporations. In 1870 there were only three thousand and four hundred farms in the United States which embraced more than 1,000 acres each. In 1880, this had been multiplied by nine—nearly thirty thousand landholders held more than 1,000 acres each in fee simple. In 1900, when the last census was taken, the number of farms containing more than 1,000 acres had jumped to nearly 50,000, an increase of about 66 per cent. And, in addition, the recently organized trusts have, in almost every case, got control of vast tracts of the most valuable land in the country, holding in the aggregate millions upon millions of acres. Thus the Standard Oil Company counts among its assets considerably more than a million acres of oil lands; the Steel Trust holds in one tract coke lands valued, on the authority of Charles M. Schnitz, at \$50,000,000, and the

United States Leather Company boasts title to 500,000 acres of hemlock timber. This list might be multiplied indefinitely, nor does it mention even the corporations which are the largest land holders. The lumber companies dominated by Frederick Weyerhaeuser, of St. Paul, for instance, own and control timber areas covering in the aggregate more than 30,000,000 acres, or almost the amount of territory included within the State of Wisconsin.

Last it should be gathered that the more or less fraudulent land barons of the Pacific coast are the only great individual land owners of the country it may be mentioned in passing that the late Col. D. C. Murphy, of New York State, held title, when he died, to more than four million acres of farm lands; that the late United States Senator Farwell, of Illinois, his brother and one or two other men, owned three million acres of land in Texas, and that Mrs. Virginia Ann King, of Greenville, Texas, owns so much land in one great ranch that it is a drive of nearly fifty miles from the porch of her manor house over the flat, black prairies to the front



Lord Houghton

Nobility Worth Millions of American Dollars

gate of her door-yard. These persons are named merely as notable examples of a large and impressive class of great capitalists who in one way or another have got possession of great tracts of land, which once belonged to the people. It is no part of the intention of this article to charge or to insinuate that they or any of them got title through fraudulent or extra-legal means. They are cited simply to illustrate in how reckless a way the public domain has been dissipated and to rouse, if possible, the people to a realization of the vital necessity of scrupulously safeguarding the remnant which still remains.

Less than one hundred years ago the public lands of the United States embraced one billion, eight hundred million acres. More than one-tenth of the whole—and this of the choicest—was granted, off hand, to railroad and other corporations. Eighty million acres went in grants to agricultural and other schools and colleges, more than sixty millions were disposed of by the gift of soldiers' scrip—a large part of which was bought up for little or nothing by capitalists—and seventy millions were given



A. Peet

A British M.P. with Large Land Holdings
in America

Earl of Carleton

Holds 25,000 Acres of American Land



Frederick Weyerhaeuser

Connected with Companies Controlling 20,000,000 Acres of Timber Lands

back to the several States as swamp lands.

The balance sheet of the national government in account with the people on the subject of the public domain may be roughly put as follows:

Congress, Dc.	
To the PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES.	
	Acres
To the Public Domain	1,386,000,000
Quoted:	
By railroad and corporation	
grants	252,500,000
By private for schools and colleges	85,800,000
By grants on balance sheet of 1890, 1900	22,400,000
By private of swamp lands to states	70,000,000
Total	430,700,000
On hand 1900	22,400,000
	1,386,000,000 1,120,700,000
Taken up by actual settlers and land granters	
	60,000,000

At first sight the grand total of 755,000,000 acres still remaining in the public domain is most impressive. It looks not at all like a desperate situation. It would furnish, if divided into 160-acre tracts, farms for nearly five million families. All this talk, then, of a land famine is merely the attempt of a reckless muckraker to start another unfounded sensation!

But wait! We desire first of all, as the side-show barker remarks, to call your attention to the large animal in the first cage to your right! That is Alaska, with a total area of 270,000,000 acres, which is not likely to be homesteaded by farmers for some aeons. Subtracting that, one finds the public domain cut nearly in two, with four hundred millions of acres remaining. From that must be taken the millions permanently locked up in government forest reservations, national parks and other reserves. From it must be taken also thousands of square miles of mountains and deserts which neither irrigation nor improved dry farming will ever bring under the plow.

In the end the people find themselves much in the position of the spendthrift, who after running through his patrimony, still boasts himself rich, because half of his safety-deposit vault is piled high with wild-cat oil stock and other worthless securities.

Stepping into the next tent your careful attention is called to some strange and wonderful statistics, collected at vast expense and pains by the daring hunters and explorers of the census bureau.

In 1880 twenty-five out of every hundred farmers in the United States were tenant farmers—owning no land of their own—working for a landlord on shares or paying rental in some other way. Twenty years later the total number of farmers had increased by more than a million, but the number of tenant farmers had increased even more rapidly. In 1900 more than thirty-five and a half out of every hundred were working land that belonged to somebody else—and that in a country where fifty years ago the refrain of a popular song ran:

Uncle Sam has land enough
To give a farm to each of us!

Never mind the fact that outside of the farms two-thirds of all the families in America are paying rent for

the roof over their heads—that doesn't matter in the present discussion. The fact of significance is that there were in 1900—the number is much greater now—no less than three million families of American tenant farmers—peasants in the making if the proper definition of a peasant be an agricultural laborer who works the land of another. In down-trodden Ireland, when it was most populous, there were never more than 800,000 tenant farmers.

Speaking generally, there are two plans along which most of the great landed estates in the United States are managed. One method is that followed by Samuel W. Allerton, of Chicago, who, in addition to other great interests, owns more than 40,000 acres of improved farm lands in the great central States of Illinois, Iowa and Ohio. Mr. Allerton has adapted trust methods to agriculture. Each of his farms is a model of its kind and all are operated under the general direction of a central office in Chicago. Each farm is directly managed by a resident superintendent, who is held strictly responsible for results. All the latest scientific methods are employed and the estate as a whole closely resembles a great industrial corporation, with many widely scattered plants, yet all enjoying the benefit of collective buying in huge quantities under the general direction of a highly efficient executive, who cultivates a spirit of rivalry among the various farms and sees that all the superintendents are kept up to the highest pitch. This method, of course, does away with even the quasi-independence which the average tenant farmer enjoys and makes all the residents employes on wages. When it is considered that Mr. Allerton also owns the stockyards in several large cities about which his farms are grouped, it will be realized that he is logically applying trust methods to farming more completely than in any other instance which can be cited.



James J. Hill

The Canadian-born Railway Magnate who Built the Great Northern Railroad With out Asking a Single Cent From the People and Who has Never Passed a Dividend

Another method of managing a great land estate is that which was followed by the late Lord William Scully, of London, who owned, in addition to other great tracts, 40,000 acres in one piece in Logan County, Illinois. He rented all his lands for cash, compelling his tenants to erect all buildings and to make all other improvements at their own expense, at the same time forcing them to pay all taxes on the land. The net annual income from his Logan County land was for some years about \$100,000.

Both methods tend towards the creation of that monopoly in land which last year drove half a million of the youngest, sturdiest and most ambitious of United States farmers across the border into Canada, where there is still free land to be had by those who will take the oath of allegiance to King Edward and settle down to honestly till the soil.



The Virtue of Thrift

By LORD ROSEBURY.

From the London Times.

THRIFT is one of those virtues—there are, perhaps, more than we think—which it is much easier to preach about than to practise. To a Scotchman our reputation in the world being what it is, it would seem almost like carrying coals to Newcastle to advocate thrift in any shape or form. I will content myself with repeating in the words of Shakespeare—and they comprehend, after all, the whole truth of the matter—that thrift is blessed, not merely because of the accumulation of substance, but because of the foundation and strengthening of character. My definition of thrift will be this—getting full value for your money and looking ahead; but, of course, the historic definition which has given so much comfort and encouragement to thousands is that of Mr. Micawber. What did Mr. Micawber say to David Copperfield on a famous occasion? "Annual income £20, annual expenditure £19 19s 6d; result, happiness." "Annual income £20, annual expenditure £20 0s 6d; result, misery." I suppose that that is practically true. It means in reality that a man who is beforehand with the world, in however small a degree, occupies a very different position, relatively to the rest of the world, from the man who is

behindhand with it to however small an extent. Of course, from the financial point of view of thrift, all know very well that it is the foundation of all opulence, all prosperity, even of those colossal fortunes which we hear of in America, but which we never realize in this country.

It is perfectly true, I think, that Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who began in the very humblest circumstances of life in the Town of Dunfermline, has worked his way up to a colossal fortune, which I cannot attempt to estimate, but which I know by his beneficent expenditure must be enormous, mainly by beginning with thrift. Recently in the newspapers we had another example of a lad who landed in South Carolina 63 years ago with 12s. in his pocket and died leaving ten millions sterling. I do not mean to argue—I am not such a fool as to argue—that it was by mere thrift that these colossal fortunes have been accumulated; but I am going to argue, and it is my profound faith, that they were in the commencement founded on thrift, and nothing but thrift. A small but substantial sum was accumulated, which was so utilized by the genius of speculation as to amass these enormous fortunes.

Now, I want to make an exception

before I go any further. Whatever thrift is, it is not avarice. There is a broad distinction between thrift and avarice. Mr. Micawber in his definition expressly, as it seems to me, excludes avarice, because the accumulation of slopence at the end of the year, which he indicates as amounting to happiness, would certainly not satisfy any dream of avarice. But avarice is not generous, and, after all, it is the thrifty people who are generous. All true generosity can only proceed from thrift because it is no generosity to give money which does not belong to you, as is the case with the usurious; and I venture to say that of all the great philanthropists, all the great financial benefactors of their species of whom we have any record, the most generous have been thrifty men.

Let us pass from the financial value of thrift, which to me is not the greatest, to that which results in the formation of character. I know that many people, when they read speeches about thrift, say: "How can the poor be thrifty? They have nothing to be thrifty upon." Now the exact reverse of the case is true. Strangely enough, we have proof to the contrary in that, by the experience of Edinburgh, of Glasgow, of Manchester, and other cities—it has been found that periods of stress, and not periods of prosperity, have been the most favorable for thrift. But the case of Scotland is a much more emphatic illustration of this than any particular savings bank, in however large a town it may be situated in Scotland. The 18th century, the time of perhaps her direst poverty—at any rate, as compared with other countries in the world—was the period of her greatest thrift. One hundred and twenty years ago there were probably not more than £200,000 or £300,000 of current coin in the whole of Scotland. When you compare that with \$14,000,000 of deposits in the two savings banks of Edinburgh and Glasgow you may arrive at some computation as to the difference of prosperity between the

Scotland of to-day and the Scotland of that time. But that was the time of Scotland's greatest thrift. It was the time when her whole current coinage did not amount, it is calculated, to £300,000; so much so, that in those days we read that the one great object of the Scottish peasant was thrift, not for the sake of livelihood, but for the sake of his funeral. To amass enough money to obtain a decent funeral was calculated, I think, at about £2a. These patient and self-denying people amassed enough for that event in their lives. They toiled and spun and spared themselves for that purpose, and, much more than that, they maintained their own aged, their own parents, their own relations. They thought it a shame to take any money from the public, and their spirit of independence is, at least, equal to any spirit of independence that we boast of now. They scorned State assistance; they scorned that any should maintain their families but themselves. They gave a little surplus in charity, for there were plenty of recipients in the beggars and tinkers of the road. The nation at large was thrifty, independent, self-respecting to a degree known, perhaps, in no other nation at no other period in the world.

When things were in this impoverished state in Scotland the Scots were a source of terror to their southern countrymen. Only the other day I lit upon a caricature—an English caricature, I need hardly say—dated 1780, ten years after the time I am writing of, when the current coin was so small in number. The caricature represents a Scotsman only half clad, with his shoes on one shoulder and an essential part of his dress on the other, barefooted, on his way to England, and underneath it was written:

"The savage's breeks are on his shoulders
So plainly seen by all beholders,
Half starved, half naked, but one shoe;
Yet by and by he'll ride o'er you."

Our great grandfathers—my great

grandfather, at any rate, was living at that time and in possession of his estate—our great grandfathers did great things in those days on a mess of pottage. They had no more, but with it they helped to mold the Empire. They maintained their poor without legal compulsion; they sought nothing from external help, and they laid, in their nakedness and their bareness, the foundations of the prosperity which reigns in Scotland at the present moment. None of us would care to live as they did. Some of the poorest in our country would shrink from the manner of life which was endured by some of the noblest in those days. We should not care to share their privations, but we should not be unwilling to be convinced that we possess their independence, their self-reliance and their self-respect, and I regard that as the greatest blessing resulting out of thrift—independence of character. Whether Scottish pride arose out of Scottish thrift, or whether Scottish thrift arose out of Scottish pride, I really cannot decide; but they are closely intertwined, so closely that you cannot, perhaps, separate them. But, at any rate, the combination produced a character that has governed the country.

When we talk of thrift producing character we are equally at a loss to know whether it is not thrift that is a sign of character. Thrift means care, foresight, tenderness for those dependent on us. Whether those qualities produce thrift or whether they are produced by thrift, I will not venture to say; but, at any rate, of this I am certain, that they are inseparably intertwined. You remember what the last words were of Oliver Goldsmith, one of the greatest geniuses that ever lived in this island. You remember he wrote the "Vicar of Wakefield," that masterpiece which has survived so many masterpieces—he wrote the "Vicar of Wakefield," if I remember aright, to pay off a creditor, his landlady, or another, and he was always in financial difficulties. When he lay dying,

some one said to him, "Is your mind at ease?" He replied, "No, it is not." Those were his last recorded words. You may be quite sure that if he had united genius to thrift his last words would have been something very different. But I said a moment ago that it was a question rather of how can the poor be thrifty. I will not go into the question except to say that I think that I have demonstrated that it has been in the power of the poorest to be thrifty in our country in the past.

But there is, at any rate, one sort of thrift which is in the power of the very poorest, and which is to refrain from waste. If I wanted to train a child to be thrifty, I should teach him to abhor waste. I do not mean waste of money. That cures itself because very soon there is no money to waste, but I mean waste of material, waste of something which is useful, which may not represent any money value to the waster. There is waste of what does not belong to us, which is a very common form of waste. There is a waste of water. I am not speaking of the waste caused by the pollution of rivers, though that, perhaps, is the most criminal form of waste which exists in our midst. There is not a river which flows round Edinburgh that is not hopelessly and wantonly polluted, so that it cannot be used for any cleanly purpose. I am not speaking of waste of water in that way, but waste in private families among individuals, a waste of that precious element which compels Edinburgh to go seeking every 20 years or so for a new source of water supply.

I remember being a member of a small municipality of a small town in the south of England. When this question of waste came before us we found that water was allowed to run, and that every form of waste was indulged in, because it cost nothing, and so the result was a water famine that summer. Again, let us take the waste of gas and things of that kind. I believe that the Edinburgh town council recently adopted a stringent measure



Lord Roslind

A Strong Advocate of Personal and National Thrift

for the prevention of the waste of gas—but I am not resident in the city, and so have not experienced this rigor; but, at any rate, we all of us must see that there is a constant waste of things which cost nothing to waste, and this is in reality an offence against ourselves and against the economy of the whole world. Now, if you teach your children to be thrifty, I would beg you to impress on them the criminality of waste.

Now what is the example we learn from great men in this respect? I will take three foremost men of their

countries in the last century and a half. I will take Washington, Frederick the Great and Napoleon—Washington as thrifty a man of business as ever lived; Frederick the Great, more than thrifty; Napoleon, thrifty in detail to the utmost possible extent. And then I take three other names—three names familiar to us Scotsmen, three names of great Scotsmen, and there I find more difficulty. I take Burns, Walter Scott and Gladstone. Of course, the toughest nut to crack is Burns. We, worshippers of Burns, are not accustomed to

think of him as thrifty; and, undoubtedly, from some points of view, he was not thrifty, though he had uncommonly little to be thrifty upon. But no one can see the enormous output of work that Burns did without seeing that he must have had a great thrift of time which is, perhaps, the most important form in which we can be thrifty. But I will abandon Burns as a difficult subject. Walter Scott, as we know, died ruined, but Walter Scott was eminently thrifty. The trouble with Walter Scott was that he was ambitious and endeavored to found too large a structure upon his labor. His thrift went into business which he did not understand, and, therefore, the whole structure toppled over. Of Mr. Gladstone I can speak from personal knowledge. There was no man so careful and thrifty in his expenditure, combined with great generosity and liberality. But no man who ever saw that great man at work could believe that it was anything but a sin to waste anything, especially time.

Now I want to refer to a larger sphere of thrift; and that, after all, is the main point on which I wish to insist. All great empires have been thrifty. All great empires that were meant to continue, to abide, were thrifty. Taking the Roman Empire, which, in some respects, as a centred empire, was the greatest in history, it lay like an iron clamp upon the face of the world. It was founded on thrift. When it ceased to be thrifty it degenerated and came to an end. Take the case of Prussia. It began with a little, narrow strip of sand in the North of Europe—"all stings" as some one said from its shape and the fact that its inhabitants were almost all armed men—and it was nurtured by the thrift of Frederick the Great's father, who prepared a vast treasure and a vast army by an economy which we should call sordid, but which was the weapon by which the greatness of Prussia was founded, and from which the present German Empire has

arisen. Take the case of France. In my humble belief France is in reality the most frugal of all nations. I am not sure that the French always put their money into the savings banks, and, therefore, they do not figure so well in the proportion of depositors to the nation as some others may do; but, after the disastrous year of 1870, when France was crushed for a time by a foreign enemy and by a money imposition which it seemed almost impossible that any nation could pay, what happened? The stockings of the French peasantry, in which they had kept their savings of years, were emptied into the chest of the State and that huge indemnity and that war expense was paid off in a time incredibly short. The other two nations that I have spoken of were made by their thrift, but France was saved by her thrift.

Now we come to our beloved country. What are we to say of her in the way of thrift. I am bound to say that, speaking from that external point of view, I am not quite sure that thrift is a governing consideration of our Parliament at this moment. To such a degree has this absence of thrift proceeded that it is now a subject of joy to the economist that votes are passed under the guillotine, because, when any vote comes up for discussion, there is no question of its diminution, but a hundred voices for its increase; and, therefore, although politicians are apt to complain of so many votes and so much expenditure being passed under the rigid rule of silence imposed by the guillotine, the economist secretly rejoices that such is the case. I do think that it is wise for those who have the government of our affairs to remember that great empires only live as long as they are thrifty. The moment that they begin to waste or disperse their resources the day of their end is at hand; and that is a fact abundantly proved in history—proved up to the hilt, I think, by all the examples which I have given you.

TOWERED CITIES

A dream of the future

FROM THE SPECTATOR



THE "skyscrapers" of New York have already begun to outlive a good deal of their disrepute, and indeed to command the credit that belongs to all strong and original buildings. Many of the lankest of these buildings are beyond a doubt basely and irretrievably utilitarian; but from the beginning there were architects who perceived that "skyscrapers" were inevitable, and who set to work to design the most scientific, and architecturally the most noble, buildings which the circumstances permitted. This, after all, is the true and common, if not the final, function of architecture—to produce the most scholarly design which is appropriate to the uses the building will be put to, and which abides by the limitations of site and cost imposed by the architect's employers. The limitations in New York have long been strict, and they daily become stricter. The city is built upon an island from which escape can only be made by bridges, tunnels and steamers. The pressure at the business end of the city, which is at the point of the island, and therefore on the edge of the water, is intense, and the value of build- ing-land is fabulous. Geographical and financial reasons both prevent the business houses from expanding horizontally, and therefore they must extend vertically—towards the sky. When the necessity for this

Photo by Brown Bros., in Van Norden's Magazine

is recognized universally—and we should think it almost is by this time—a new era is certain to come in which taste will undergo a considerable revolution. The “skyscraper” will be more and more praised as a characteristic product of the American genius, and it will be judged in practice, not by the mere fact that it is a “skyscraper,” but by the kind of “skyscraper” it is.

The great Singer building in New York—nicknamed the Singerhorn—was finished not long ago. It has forty-five stories. This is a notable increase of height on the Park Row Syndicate building, which a few years since astounded the world with its twenty-six stories. Londoners may try to measure the Singerhorn by thinking of Queen Anne's Mansions, our nearest approach to a “skyscraper,” which have at the highest part only fourteen stories. The cupola of the Singerhorn is six hundred feet above Broadway. But forty-five stories are by no means the limit. While the Singerhorn was being built the Metropolitan Life Assurance Company glorified its original plans for a new building, and announced that it would build fifty stories, and that its tower would be nearly a hundred feet higher than the Singerhorn. The Metropolitan is already in existence, and still the competition continues. The Equitable Life Assurance Society, not content with fifty stories, promises a building of sixty-two—half as high again as the Singerhorn. Where is the sky-race to end? Mr. Gilder says: “I, for one, should not be amazed were the next few years to bring into being an office building of nearly a hundred stories, rising twelve hundred feet from base to cupola. Already there is report of a thousand-foot building, to occupy in part the site of the Mills building in Broad Street; and the Scientific American has pointed out that the present local Building Code, by permitting a pressure of fifteen tons per square foot under the foot-

ings on a rock bottom, where caisson foundations are used, implicitly authorizes the construction of a two-thousand-foot building of the Singer type, capable of subdivision into a hundred and fifty stories, each thirteen feet four inches high.” But that, as Mr. Gilder says, may be dismissed as a reductio ad absurdum. It might be thought that the tallest “skyscrapers” already existing are not safe, but no building of this kind is exactly what it appears to be. It is a great steel cage, simply clothed with stone, brick, or marble; it is not so heavy, or so top-heavy, as one might suppose; and the foundations go proportionately deep below the surface. The invisible part is not nearly so large as the submerged part of an iceberg, but it is still an essential and most important part of the construction. It is only twenty years ago that the first offices were reared upon the scientific foundation which has made all the subsequent “skyscrapers” possible. And in these twenty years the skyline of New York has been transformed out of all recognition. It is as though an Alpine range had been thrust upwards by some slow volcanic pressure. Mr. Gilder says: “As to the impressiveness of the present skyline as seen from the East River, the Hudson or the Bay, there can be no question. Nothing of its kind exists elsewhere. . . . The immense masses of masonry, hundreds of feet high, above which ascend towers and turrets conspicuously higher, produce an effect grandiose in the extreme. At night, one seems to be approaching a city set upon a hill, the innumerable lights producing, here and there, the effect of winding roads leading upward from the level waterside. And visible for many a mile, above all other objects, the shaft of the Singer building, illuminated within and without by countless lights, glows like a lily in the pool of night.”

Recently we wrote of the Venetian

effect of this lofty city as the traveler approaches it from the sea. It is perhaps the nearest modern counterpart of what ancient Tyre was with its tall buildings—tall for the very reason that the New York buildings are tall. But we said nothing of the breaks and decorations of the tops of the houses as they are seen against the sky. It is obvious that the regulated architecture of the future will concern itself much with this variegated line, for if the buildings were allowed to rise to a uniform level, sunshine and fresh air would be shut out for ever. As a consumer of light and air the “skyscraper” is already enough of a vampire. Madison Square is almost without sunshine in the winter. Within the last few weeks a committee has been appointed in New York to revise the Building Code, and it is expected that a limit to height will be recommended. Mr. Flagg, the architect of the Singerhorn, has a definite proposal to make, apparently with the approval of most of his brother-architects. This is that no “facade shall rise more than one hundred feet above the street; and that only one quarter of the lot on which a building stands shall be covered by any part of the building which rises to a greater height than this; and that such higher part shall come so nearer the front line of the building than that line comes to the curb.” To the height of the tower itself he would fix no bounds. The meaning is clear. The dead skyline of the future city will not rise extravagantly high, but above it, like particular peaks upon a chain of mountains, will be towers and domes and pinnacles, through which the sun may shine and the breezes blow. New York will be a towered city. And then of course this style of architecture will be imitated all over the world. It is really the legitimate product of peculiar conditions, and it will be illegitimate wherever those conditions do not exist. But that

will not be thought to matter. Have not unsuitable styles of architecture always been transplanted? Do not people who live in hilly countries gravely set up obelisks in their valleys, though obelisks were designed originally to be signs and memorials in flat deserts? But to New York, at all events, will belong the fame of originality among all the towered cities of the world. The towers of New York will be reckoned as characteristic as the minarets of a Moslem city, as the bell-towers of Russia, as the pillar-towers of India, as the peels of Scottish fortresses, as the pagodas of China, or as the campaniles of Italy.

This is a very attractive prospect in its way, but the disadvantages give one pause. At an exhibition in New York lately the models and diagrams demonstrating the conditions of the congested population were quite a “sensation.” When humanity is strung upwards towards the clouds in increasing numbers is it likely that these conditions can be easily improved? We need not spend sympathy on those who will live at the top like rooks in lofty elms. Their offices and habitations will sway a few feet this way and that in gales, and they will be told, like visitors to the Eiffel Tower, that this elasticity in a steel structure is the proof of stability. These people too, will breathe a free and fresh air. But those who live in the dense and contaminated strata below will sacrifice much to convenience. Will every member of this population in layers have the necessary amount of cubic air-space?

Expresses and slow elevators are already familiar in New York. The system of “non-stop” journeys will have to be extended. No one, we should think, would go up to the sixtieth floor in a slow elevator. But some day may there not be yet a further architectural development? It is not beyond the bounds of imagination that light bridges will be thrown across the chasms.



John Thaddeus Delane

The Parsons Editor of the London Times, who took editorial charge of "The Times" at the age of twenty-three and personally edited every line in it for many years.

Memoirs of a Great Editor

By the DEAN OF CANTERBURY

From the Cornhill Magazine.

HAVING been closely associated with Mr. Delane, the famous editor of the Times, as a writer of leading articles under him for some fifteen years, I was asked ten years ago at the instance of some of his friends, to contribute some account of him to a series of papers on great editors, projected by the Philadelphia Evening Post. This article, though written at that time, only ap-

peared last February, but it will thus be seen that it is independent of the recent publications on the subject.

Perhaps the first and most important point to be mentioned about Mr. Delane and his methods is that he maintained an absolute mastery of the whole of the paper in all its details. He controlled with the utmost thoroughness every branch of it. I do not suppose, indeed, that he troubled

himself with the advertisements, nor can I say how far he trusted the law reports to a professional eye, except that a case of public interest would be sure to attract his notice before publication; but, with such technical exceptions as these, he "read," in the press sense of the word, everything which was to appear in the paper the next morning, and edited it so as to ensure that the whole was in harmony, and was fitted to produce one clear impression on the public mind. The telegrams, the correspondent's letter, the observations in Parliament, were all kept in view in the leading article, and were themselves kept in due relation to one another. This, of course, involved the principle that he kept strictly in his own hands the initiative of all that was to appear in the paper, and especially of the leading articles. No one, while Delane was editor of the Times, could obtain the insertion of articles which he had written of his own motion or at the suggestion of others.

One of my earliest experiences is an instance in point. Having had no subject sent to me for several days, I ventured, at the instance of a person of high distinction who was a great friend of Delane's, to write an article and offer it to him. But it was at once returned to me with one of Delane's inimitable notes, saying:

I return you this article, because it is, I assure you, essential that whatever is to appear in the Times should proceed from the initiative of whoever holds my place, and not from that of any other person, however highly esteemed. The effect of any divergence from this principle would be to deprive your contributions of any value, and to prevent their being accepted as embodying the opinions of the Times, which must, believe me, be those of no other man.

Yours faithfully,

JOHN T. DELANE

That note exactly expresses the principle on which his whole work as

editor was carried through. He insisted on being himself responsible for all the news supplied to the public; he was solely responsible for the interpretation of those news and for the comments upon them. He selected the letters addressed to the Times which were to be published, he chose the books which were to be reviewed, and exercised an independent judgment on the reviews which were supplied; he was scrupulous as to the way in which even small matters of social interest were announced and handled. In short, the paper every morning was not a mere collection of pieces of news from all parts of the world, of various opinions, and of more or less valuable essays. It was Mr. Delane's report to the public of the news of the day, interpreted by Mr. Delane's opinions, and directed throughout by Mr. Delane's principles and purposes.

This method of editing was infinitely laborious. Even when the Times was much less than its present size, the task of "reading," correcting, and controlling from forty to fifty columns of new matter every night was immense. But Mr. Delane never shrank from it, and it certainly gave the paper as a whole a unity, a cohesion, an interest, and an effectiveness which can be obtained by no other method.

But, of course, there was one qualification which was indispensable for such editing: It needed an adequate acquaintance with every field of the varied human life which was reflected in the pages of the paper, and this acquaintance Delane enjoyed by virtue of a rare experience. He had brought away from his undergraduate career at Oxford what, after all, was the best endowment of university life in those days—a general literary culture and capacity, combined with a general knowledge of affairs and a wide sympathy with men. The foundation of his character was a robust and genial human nature, which loved real action of all kinds, and delighted to throw itself into the current of public life.

He is said to have supported himself at Oxford by writing for the provincial press, and his great enjoyment was printing. He was a bold and fine rider, and his delight in that English sport was typical of his whole character. When he came, as a very young man, to London, he took a part for a while in reporting and other secondary branches of newspaper work. He was called to the bar, and he attended the hospitals for some terms. He was always fond of medical and surgical knowledge, and he has more than once mentioned to me his experience in Paris under the great French physiologist, Magendie. Although, therefore, he was neither a scholar, nor a lawyer, nor a doctor, he was a good deal of each, and he was able to follow the varying developments of those great spheres of thought and life.

But these varied elements of a many-sided character were brought to practical perfection, for the purposes of his work, by his social capacities and opportunities, which were of the rarest kind. He was the most agreeable of companions, and all the best classes of London society were soon open to him. He took advantage of these opportunities with extraordinary tact. While availing himself freely of the hospitality offered him on all sides, he maintained in all societies his dignity and independence; and Lord Palmerston was not making any formal excuse when, on being rallied in the House of Commons upon exerting an undue influence through the editor of the Times, he simply replied that Mr. Delane's company was so agreeable as to be always welcome. Mr. Delane did not deny that one of his objects in society was to obtain news, or, at least, the means of understanding news; and it required a rare delicacy to be able to turn to account the information he might gather without taking any undue advantage of the confidence or frankness of his hosts. But he succeeded in doing this with wonderful success, and, consequently, he was day by day gaining

in society, in the intercourse of drawing-rooms or clubs, the information which enabled him to form a just apprehension of every subject which arose in the evening's news.

The course of a day's work in his print will best illustrate his capacity in this respect. He rarely left the office in Printing-House Square before five o'clock in the morning, and walked to his small house in Serjeants' Inn, a little square off Fleet Street, about a quarter of a mile distant. When he rose, he would spend three or four hours in arranging the work of the day, writing and answering letters; and sometimes, especially in my years of apprenticeship, I would receive a letter from him about six o'clock giving me my subject and my cue for the work of the evening. But about the middle of the afternoon his horse was brought to him, and, followed by his groom he rode away towards the West End. He said to me once that if he started to walk from Fleet Street along the Strand to Pall Mall, or Westminster he would never get there, as so many people would buttonhole him. But on his horse, which he rode slowly, he could greet them and go on. When the Houses of Parliament were in session he would always ride down to them, stroll into the House of Commons or the House of Lords as he pleased, stand under the gallery, and acquaint himself with the parliamentary situation of the day. Peers or members who were concerned in the current business would speak to him, and thus he was always in touch with the prevalent feeling and tendency in both Houses.

These he would ride on to the Athenæum or the Reform Club, and there he was sure to meet someone interested in the political or scientific or legal question of the hour; or else he would ride on to Lady Palmerston's house in Piccadilly, or to Baroness Lionel de Rothschild's, or some other great leader of political or social life, and carry away at least as much suggestion or information as he brought.

In the evening the days must have been rare when he was not, or could not have been, dining in some society which brought him once more into contact with the current interests and living thoughts of the hour. He was thus always learning and observing, living in the best life of London from day to day, hearing the questions of the moment discussed from the most various points of view, and gaining an appreciation of the men and the influences which were determining the course of events.

In his best time, moreover, he was treated with great confidence by Ministers of State. A Minister who was engaged in carrying through some important measure would take Delane at least so far into confidence as to enable him to understand the real bearings of what was done and said in public; and even during critical situations in foreign affairs I have seen at night short notes from the Minister of the day, which sufficed to indicate the direction in which it was desirable that public opinion should be guided.

This was to a vast extent the secret of Delane's power as an editor. His paper reflected the real state of the English world in London because it reflected him, and because in his mind were reflected the varying thoughts and influences of the several men and women by which and by whom the course of English life was at the moment being determined. The Times held up a mirror to the public because Delane, who noted it from day to day, was himself the mirror—a mirror, indeed, which so far modified the reality as it brought all which it reflected to a focus and an object, but in which all the elements of the life of the day found their place.

Delane generally came away from dinner in time to reach Printing-House Square about ten p.m., or, at least, before eleven, and then he had to bring to bear upon the material laid before him, whether of the telegraph, or of parliamentary reporters, or correspondents' letters, the knowledge of the real position of affairs

which he had been gaining during the day. There were generally two or three leader-writers in attendance, in separate rooms, and in a short time after his arrival he would send to each of them, unless they had been previously instructed, the subject he wished them to treat. If its treatment were obvious, he would leave them to themselves with no more than a verbal message. But if it were a matter of difficulty or doubt he would soon come into the writer's room, and in a few minutes' conversation indicate the line which it was desirable to take, and the considerations which the writer should have in the background. He never gave these suggestions in such detail as to hamper original treatment on the writer's part. A few interesting and humorous observations would suffice to illustrate the true state of the question and to indicate the purpose to be kept in view, and then the more original the writer's treatment of the subject the better he was pleased. His influence in such conversations was due not so much to his authority as editor as to the impression he produced of mastery of the whole situation. To talk to him was like talking to the great political or social world itself, and one's mind seemed to move in a larger sphere after a short discussion with him. He always listened patiently to inquiries or hesitations, and was tolerant of everything but trivialities.

Those midnight conversations are among the most interesting and instructive reminiscences of my life, and they were among the chief pleasures of my work in Printing-House Square. In connexion with them there is one characteristic of him to be particularly mentioned: it is that he elevated every subject that he touched. I never remember, even in the heat of the most rapid exchange of thoughts and suggestions, one undignified or common thought or expression escaping him. He spoke of all subjects of consequence as involving deep human interests, and he treated them, and helped us to treat them, under that

aspect. In a word, he maintained as an editor, under whatever strain and whatever provocation, the part of a great gentleman, and it was a gentlemanly as well as a literary education to work under him.

One of the first things he had to do when he came to the office at night was to determine what subjects should be treated in the leaders for the next day. He always, of course, had some ready written which he used in emergency. His witty colleague, Sir George Dasent, used to call these leaders the "marmalade articles," because they were "an excellent substitute for better at breakfast." They were, however, a very valuable element in the paper, as they were generally reviews of some important information which had lately been made public.

Delane kept a close eye upon parliamentary blue books, in which the most interesting facts are frequently buried; and often, when there was no more urgent subject, I have thrown the substance of one of such blue books into a leading article. But Delane's main object with the leading articles was to treat with the utmost promptness every question as it arose. He hated all delay or dallying with the subjects of the day. In connexion with this habit, his publication of correspondence was characteristic. Nowadays, when some interesting topic has been started by a correspondent, two or three days may elapse before a reply is printed, and so, instead of a quick return of question and answer, observation and counter-observation, a succession of letters drop casually into the columns of the paper, and people have forgotten one letter before another appears. But Delane, as he once said to me, liked to serve his dishes up to the public "hot and hot." A subject once started was followed up smartly until it was exhausted. In the same way, in the leaders, the news of the evening or the debate of the evening was treated the next morning, and the reader found in the same

number of the paper the subject-matter and the comment on it.

It was particularly gratifying when the race was over to be cheered by a generous note of thanks from him, written after the paper had gone to press, perhaps when he had gone home about five in the morning, and before he went to bed. Here is one example out of many:

My dear Wace,—Though I have come home here, I cannot go to bed without congratulating you upon your admirable early article of this morning. It does you great honor and reflects as much credit upon the paper.

Ever yours,

JOHN T. DELANE.

His gift for writing little letters of this kind was one of his great accomplishments. Among the many hundreds of letters I received from him there was not one which was not gracefully as well as tersely expressed, and which might not have been published as it was written. However hurriedly he had to write, he never wrote "in haste," and never used the loose shorthand of common colloquial expressions. Here is a characteristic specimen, from the last years of his career, of the sort of letter in which he would propose the evening's subject:

My dear Wace,—I think you will find a fair subject in the letter from the Cape; but if you agree with me, and will do it with interest, I should like an article recommending the adoption of the earliest opportunity for a mediation in Turkey. The terms, indeed, must be altogether reconsidered, since the "bag and baggage" policy was advocated. The Turks have shown that they are second to no European power in the field, and have justified the boasting which seemed so out of place during the Conference. England is alone capable of urging an armistice, if, indeed, there is now time for it.

Ever yours,

JOHN T. DELANE.

Just a word or two in this way would give the cue, and the rest was left to the writer. But to return to his work at night: there was another element in it which completed his power. This was the extraordinary thoroughness of his editorial revision. He watched with the utmost care not merely the substance and the general argument of an article, but every detail of expression. He could correct commas at 3.30 a.m., and would write one of his brilliant little notes at that hour to warn a writer against an incorrect expression. I remember his once writing to me at that hour to protest against my using the word "action" to describe an act. "Action," he said, "is properly used only of a military action or an action at law." I think he was wrong, on the authority of the Scriptural expression: "The Lord is a God of knowledge, and by Him actions are weighed"; but the vigilance which could insist on such a point in the heat and haste of editing illustrates the indefatigable conscientiousness of his work.

He extended the same vigilance to the ordinary work of reporters and to the simplest paragraphs. I remember his being particularly indignant with the use of the slipshod phrase that a marriage, or a funeral, or a race had "taken place." It was mere slovenliness of expression, he said, instead of saying that a marriage had been solemnized or a race run. He exerted a valuable influence in this way toward maintaining in the public mind a standard of correct English writing.

He was very considerate if one of his subordinates was in real difficulty, as from illness or domestic trouble, but in the ordinary course of work he would take no excuses. A man must do the work given him, and do it well, or else Delane had no place for him.

I am not competent to describe another and most important sphere of his work—his instructions to the regular and special correspondents of the paper, and his own correspondence with public men. Something of it is known, though imperfectly, from the story of his vigorous action at the time of the Crimean War; but there is good reason to believe that he played a much larger and more important part in public affairs than is generally known. In fact, he wielded a power, in his prime, of which public men were obliged to take account.

He may well, in such a position, have made occasional mistakes, but it is a marvel they were so few; and perhaps it is still more to his honor that, amidst all the flattering influences, personal and public, by which he was surrounded, he remained to the last a simple, strong independent character, a robust and generous Englishman to the backbone, intolerant of all unrealities, a great man of action, whose delight was in using his rare powers for public ends and for the good of his country, and at the same time a staunch and affectionate friend, full of sympathy, courtesy and dignity. It was because he was a great and good man that he was a great editor, and it is in his manly qualities I would render chief homage in this inadequate tribute.



ENGINE LOCOMOTIVE Drawing Train From St. Clair Tunnel

Agricultural Co-operation in Denmark

By JOH. DALHOFF.

From the International Review.

A TRAVELER who visited Denmark wrote that one of the most interesting things he had observed was that even the pigsties on the farms were provided with electric lights. Although that is not the rule, yet it is the skilful management of the small farms and the ability and training of the farmers which have built up the reputation of Danish agriculture. The same reasons also explain its great productivity, which is illustrated *inter alia* by the fact that butter, eggs and pork to the value of about £15,000,000 are annually exported to England, and horses, cattle and other Danish agricultural commodities to the value of about £3,500,000 to Germany. Of course the large agricultural estates in Denmark, comprising one-tenth of the area of the country and each about 600 acres in extent, contribute their share of this total, but the larger share, both absolutely and relatively, comes from the moderately large and small holdings of the tenant farmers and cottagers, the number of which amounts almost to 180,000. The reason for this flourishing condition of Danish agriculture is to be found partly in the practical and social subdivision of estates, the wide prevalence of private ownership, the firm political position of the farmers, the comparatively light taxation imposed by the State on agriculture, which is not artificially fostered by any protective system, and other similar circumstances, and partly in the sound education and training of the peasant class. Universities

and agricultural technical schools are attended year after year by thousands of young men and women, and in the country there are few houses in which newspapers or periodicals are not taken in.

But to a great extent the strength of Danish agriculture lies in the sensible form of co-operation, organized on the sharing-system, a system more widespread in Denmark than in any other country.

This co-operation is carried on in associations of producers and consumers.

Of productive associations the most important, economically speaking, and the most celebrated are the co-operative dairies. The first dairy of the kind was established in West Jutland in 1882, and at the present day the number has risen to 1,086. The incentive to the foundation of these dairies and the ease of their subsequent development on so large a scale must be looked for in the practical conflicts of the seventies and eighties, which sharply defined the cleavage between the peasants and landowners, and forced the peasants into close combination. One main reason also lay in economic and technical development. After Denmark had for many years carried on a large export of surplus wheat, it was obliged to make a change, and lay chief stress on cattle-raising.

To be able to compete with success in the English market, it was necessary to adopt in practice the latest technical improvements, methods and

apparatus (sterilization, centrifugal machines, etc.), such as several experts strongly recommended at the time. The requisite capital could be obtained by most agriculturists only through joint-subscription; and political circumstances, combined with the democratic temperament of the Danish farmers, stamped these arrangements with their special character.

To set up a co-operative dairy the partners lend the necessary capital, which bears interest and is redeemed within ten years. The members jointly guarantee the loan in proportion to the number of their cows. At the general meeting, the supreme organ of the undertaking, all as a rule have one vote; in exceptional cases, there are variations of this; as, for example, that the owners of ten or more cows have two votes and the rest one vote. The general meeting elects from their number a board of management with a president, who is frequently treasurer as well and is responsible for keeping the accounts and the daily superintendence of the dairy. The management is conducted by a dairy-expert, appointed by the board, and the whole enterprise is always kept up to the level of the latest technical and hygienic developments. The dairy has the fresh milk fetched daily from the members, which is paid for according to its percentage of cream and is returned as skim. The annual profits are distributed in proportion to the quantity of milk delivered.

The number of partners in the 1,000 dairies amounted in 1907 to about 160,000 and the number of farms and cow-owners altogether is about 180,000. Thus nearly nine-tenths of the latter are connected with co-operative enterprises. Those who stand aloof are chiefly holders of very large or very small farms. The very large farms frequently have their own dairy, and a family with only one cow must often require all the milk for their own use. These results are plainly derived from the following figures:

Size of farms	Total number of cows on the farms	Percentage of milk in co-operative dairies
1/2 hectare¹	3,400	88
1/2-60 ha	808,500	85
60-240 ha	148,400	72
240 ha	60,200	37

As regards the annual output of the co-operative dairies it is stated that in 1907 they received 2,250 million kgs. of milk, from which, apart from cheese, for which no figures are available, about 85 million kgs. of butter were produced. At least three-quarters of this total go by swift and regular steamboat communication to English ports, and can be sold a few days later at the highest prices to English consumers, thanks to the uniformly excellent quality.

The separate dairies have gradually entered into combination with one another, partly through dairy associations, butter exhibitions and so on, partly through joint purchases of machines, whereby the dairies are equipped with machines and apparatus, and kept in repair in the cheapest way. There is also a common accident insurance scheme for the dairies.

Following the pattern of the co-operative dairies the next thing was the institution of co-operative slaughterhouses, owing to German and English prohibiting the import of live hogs.

The first co-operative slaughterhouses were built in 1887. Their number at present is 25, with about 93,100 partners, possessing some 100,000 hogs. Here, too, the moderately-sized holdings are most strongly represented. In the establishment of co-operative slaughterhouses, however, many difficulties arose. In the first place, because the equipment of a slaughterhouse is much more expensive than that of a dairy. The capital of most slaughterhouses runs from £8,750 to £11,250, as compared with £1,250 to £1,500 for the dairies. A slaughterhouse requires, therefore, a much larger number of

partners, from 1,000 to 6,000, as compared with 150 in the dairies. Again, there is keen competition between the co-operative and private slaughter-houses. The constitution and management of the slaughterhouses closely resemble those of the dairies. The partners purchase the hogs at a price depending on the quality as well as on the quantity of the flesh, and the profits are divided according to the number of hogs delivered. Altogether, in the 34 slaughterhouses, about 134 million hogs are killed annually, besides a small number of cattle.

'A hectare=2.47 a. 170. 35p.

Finally, reference must be made to poultry-raising and the export of eggs. After several years of strenuous agitation for Danish eggs the "Danish Andels Aeggeport" was founded in 1895. The country was divided into districts, the members of which pledged themselves to deliver sew-laid eggs, collected daily. Every egg is stamped with the number of the member and his district, so that the producer may always be traced. The receipts from the sale of the eggs, after deducting expenses, are divided among the members on the usual sharing-principle.

Later, several other selling societies were instituted, and these more than anything else have brought about the agricultural prosperity of Denmark in the last ten years. The value of the exports of Danish eggs has risen from £375,000 in 1897 to £1,400,000 in 1906. A large portion of this money goes directly to thousands of very small holdings.

Not only the interests of producers, but those of consumers also, are looked after by the Danish agricultural associations. For this purpose associations for the purchase of foodstuffs and seeds have been formed in many parts of the country. But the economic and particularly the social importance of the widespread system of ordinary consumers' associations is still greater. The Danish "Husholdninger" or "Brugsforeninger"

(Household Associations) were directly modelled on the famous society of Rochdale Pioneers. The first Danish society of this kind was founded in 1856, in a commercial town of West Jutland. It was called into existence by the parson of the town, who studied the English societies in order to be materially helpful to his parishioners, and then established a similar enterprise in his native town. In the first few years this society found few imitators, but the peasants took up the idea, while it developed no great importance in the towns. Each society is managed by a member appointed for the purpose. The members are jointly responsible for the obligations of the society, and the net profits are distributed to each member in proportion to the sum total of his purchases. The number of these societies amounted in 1895 to 93; in 1899 to 547 with 75,000 members; in 1898 to 837 with 130,000 members; in 1905 to about 1,000 with 158,000 members. The number of country residents amounts, however, in all to 300,000.

The idea of a combination of the separate consumers' associations was carried into effect in Copenhagen in 1896. To become a member, the separate associations must subscribe for shares to the value of £5 12s. 0d. apiece for at least 20 members, and with the amount subscribed guarantee the obligations of the combined society. This society, which has moved in the present year into a large new building in Copenhagen, has an annual turnover of about £1,750,000. It has branches in the country, and possesses several factories.

At the head of the whole system of associations in the country there has been since 1898 an Association Committee, of which Høegsbro, the Minister of Public Works, was recently elected president.

The system of agricultural associations is more widespread, perhaps, in Denmark, and has gained their a greater social and economic importance than in any other country.

Brown of the New York Central

By W. T. A.

From the Post Magazine.

ONE cold winter day, just forty years ago, "Jim" Hamilton, the station agent of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad, at Sioux City, stood on the platform, muffled in his warm fur coat, watching a gang of section hands piling cordwood alongside the track in the train yard. Wood was cheap and plentiful in the West in those days and coke had not yet supplanted it as fuel. But it kept a small army of men busy most of the time replenishing the wood piles along the line.

Among the workers, Hamilton noticed one red-faced youth who put more energy and intelligence into his work than any of his companions. He was agile; he lost no time in passing from one pile to another; he piled wood just as though he were doing the most important work on the whole railroad. Hamilton strolled over and watched him at close range. Finally, he spoke to him.

"Say, boy," he said, "how would you like an inside job? I need an active young fellow like you to work around the station. The job would be easier than what you're doing now."

"Thank you," replied the boy, "but I ain't looking for a soft snap."

"What's your name?"

"Brown."

"Well, good luck, Brown," said Hamilton as he turned on his heel.

Brown, the section hand of 1860, is William C. Brown, who has succeeded President Newman as head of the Vanderbilt system of railroads. Al-

though he began work on a road out West, where most of his success as a railroad operator has been achieved, he is a native of New York State, having been born up in Herkimer County in 1833. He was sixteen when he went West and got a job cording wood on the St. Paul Road. It would be hard to imagine beginning any lower down on the ladder than that. His salary was then only a dollar a day. But he kept his eyes open and learned about a good many other things than wooding a locomotive before he had been at it many months.

When he refused Hamilton's offer of a "snap" job, he hadn't any idea of remaining a section hand all his life, although most of the men he was working with never got any higher. Within a year, while working on the section at a little town in Illinois, the opportunity presented itself for Brown to learn telegraphy in the evenings. He accepted it then gladly, and thus opened the way for his future advancement. He has often said, however, that he believes his refusal of Hamilton's offer was a real crisis in his career. It got him in the habit of avoiding "snaps," and made it comparatively easy for him to find his greatest enjoyment in hard work. Those who know him say that his positive genius for conquering difficult problems has been one of the prime causes for his success.

By close application he picked up telegraphy rapidly, and, before many months, became a regular operator. Not satisfied with merely doing his

work well, he studied thoroughly the whole question of the application of the telegraph to the movement of trains. After he had worked at the key at various points on the St. Paul Road for upward of a year, learning all the time more and more about the way trains were handled, he entered the employ of the Illinois Central in the same capacity. It didn't take his superiors long to find out that he was too valuable a man to remain as an ordinary operator, and they soon promoted him to the rank of an assistant train dispatcher. That was in 1879, and with that road he remained as an assistant and as dispatcher until 1879.

For another year he was a train dispatcher with the Rock Island, thence going to the Burlington in a similar capacity. His service with the Burlington lasted until 1890, and in this fourteen-year period he became successively chief train dispatcher, train master, assistant and general superintendent of the road. In every position he occupied he went at his work with the same determination to master it that he showed as a boy section hand. In every position he showed the same loyalty to the management of the road that he expected in his subordinates. Those who worked under him were quick to understand that in him they had a superior who sympathized with them because he himself had risen from the bottom ranks.

He was never afraid of working overtime. There are railroad men in the West to-day who recall one of these occasions. It was while he was a train dispatcher with the Burlington Road. A blizzard had stalled several hundred carloads of cattle in the East Burlington yards, and there was great danger of their freezing to death if they were not taken out. The superintendent was at his wife's end, when Brown, who had finished his day's work, volunteered his assistance. By working all night without a let-up, they moved the cars and saved the road many thousands of dollars. Brown's promotion to the post of

chief train dispatcher followed shortly.

From 1890 to 1896 he was general manager of two subsidiary lines of the Burlington system in Missouri. Here his ability as an operating executive was displayed so well that in 1896 he was elected general manager of the entire Burlington system with headquarters in Chicago. In 1901 he left the Burlington, with which he had been connected for twenty-five years, and began his connection with the Vanderbilt lines as vice-president and general manager of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern. In 1902 he became third vice-president of the New York Central, becoming senior vice-president in 1906, when he was transferred to this city to take complete charge of the operating department of the road.

Many incidents of his career during his quarter-century stay with the Burlington emphasize his resourcefulness as a manager, his habit of quick thinking and quick action in an emergency, and his willingness to do his share of the hard work on every occasion. While he was superintendent of the Iowa line, a strike, called unexpectedly, tied up an eastbound express. The superintendent was in his private car on the end of the train. When he realized what the abandonment of the train meant, he walked forward and looked over the engine. Then he called to the trainmaster.

"It looks as though we must take this train on to Galesburg ourselves, Jim," he said quietly.

"Why, Mr. Brown—" began the trainmaster, who, attired in patent leathers and a high overcoat, didn't relish the idea.

"Jump in, Jim," interrupted the superintendent. There was something in Brown's tone that stopped further protest, and he climbed into the cab. With the trainmaster acting as fireman, Brown ran the train into Galesburg on schedule time. It is probably the only instance on record of a high railroad officer running the engine that pulled his own private car.



William C. Brown

The New President of the New York Central Railway

On another occasion, shortly after he had become general manager, one of the cars of the train on which he was traveling ran off the track. Seeing that some difficulty was experienced in getting it back in place, Mr. Brown, without making known his identity, offered a suggestion. No attention was paid to him. He repeated it. The conductor looked scornfully on the man he supposed a mere meddler. But the car refused to budge. Then Mr. Brown, irritated at the delay, ignored the conductor, and, turning to the brakeman said: "Do as I say. This train has been stalled here too long already." Recognizing the tone of authority, they obeyed, and in

twenty minutes the train was proceeding. When the conductor learned that it was the new general manager whom he had ignored, he confided to a fellow-conductor his fear that he would be discharged. "Oh, cheer up," was the reply. "I knew him ten years ago up in Iowa. He'll take it as a joke." And so he did.

Another incident of his life in Missouri is related to show his readiness to participate in any work which he called upon his subordinates to do, no matter how great the personal danger entailed. Information was received that a hold-up of the Omaha train out of Jefferson City had been planned for a certain night. The general superintendent

ager at once determined to outwit the robbers by sending out a decoy train, loaded down with police officers and deputy sheriffs. Mr. Brown himself accompanied it. The train was flagged and the robbers proceeded with their work until they were met with a storm of bullets—which killed three of them outright. In the battle which followed the general manager was in the thick of the fray, emptying two revolvers, and himself leading the chase that resulted in the capture of several of the gang.

It is one of Mr. Brown's policies to leave matters of detail as far as possible to be worked out by his subordinates. He enjoins the same policy on those who possess authority under him, believing that in that way the most effective work can be achieved. He believes that it makes for efficiency to throw every man as far as possible on his own responsibility. This method, he holds, not only inspires confidence, but gives a man the opportunity to put his own ideas into effect, with the results that newer and more effective ways of doing things are often discovered.

President Brown belongs to that class of railway presidents who are known as "operating presidents," to distinguish them from the financier

class, who are experts on railroad securities, but know little of practical railroading. Mr. Brown's personal idea of the distinction between the two classes of railroad officers was well expressed by him in the course of a talk a short time before his own advancement took place.

"The day is past," he said, "when a railroad director could walk into headquarters and ask that his son or nephew be placed in one of the chairs near the top. The man who has worked himself up from the lowest positions, performing the minor work at the bottom with loyalty and efficiency, is the practical man for whom there is always a place at the top. He has known possibly how to drive a locomotive, how to throw a switch, how to distribute cars on a siding, how to handle a heavy freight or direct flying expresses from a despatcher's office. That has given him a first-hand insight into the multitude of small things that make up the great working industrial whole. He brings with him to a higher and responsible position a training that is of immeasurable assistance to him in solving the enlarging problems that confront him. It is the man who starts at the bottom who is best able to solve the big railway problems of to-day when he does get to the top."



Workers in Odd Careers

The Proprietor in his Little Box at the Front of the Stage in the Modern Theatre



Reproduced from Herald Magazine

THRILLING experiences?" repeated Leo Stevens. "Oh, sure! You get them in ballooning, naturally. In a way it's like leaving suddenly for a new world and getting there in a few minutes—a strange land of wonderful sights and sensations, great air currents, clouds, rainbows, snow and rain factories, cyclones—yes, don't forget cyclones.

"My most dangerous experience came just last summer—after twenty-three years of ballooning.

"Allan Hawley and I made an ascent at Pittsfield, Mass., taking along a young chauffeur from the city, of whom the local aero club wished to make a licensed pilot.

"A licensed pilot, you know, must have made in all at least ten ascents, two of which must be conducted under a regular pilot, one alone and one at night."

Stevens stopped and chuckled. "This young chap got all his experience concentrated in this one trip, I guess, and Mr. Hawley and I each had a new one.

"We went up very nicely—straight up for a few thousand feet—and then floated away from the city toward Dalton, a suburb. It was a fine, clear day, the weather predictions were favorable, and when we struck our course we be-

gan plotting on the map just how far we should go and about where we might land.

"Just over Dalton the balloon stopped for a moment and circled easily back toward Pittsfield. This move was against our calculations, and we thought it rather funny. Were we going eastward, after all?

"That was decided very quickly. Just east of the city we stopped again and came back in a narrower circle, more swiftly this time, and so around again and again, swifter, swifter—and then, as quick as a flash, we plunged into night.

"There was a great long streak of pale light straight up from our heads—a sort of road to heaven, it struck me—and then came a roar like the sound of a cataract. We were still circling, but in such a small, fast circumference that it made us dizzy. And all the time there was a rasping, grating noise under the basket.

"We're scraping the top-of-trees!" yelled the boy, and that was the last thing I heard him say. Suddenly there was a flash of light, and Hawley leaned over the car.

"My God!" said he, "look at that!"

"He pointed at a drag rope. For a moment I saw it. It was flying taut like a curved whiplash above

our heads. Then it dawned upon me what had happened. We were caught in a cyclone cloud—caught in the tail of it—and were being sucked up through the centre.

"How far up were we?"

"Well, maybe seven thousand feet. We couldn't see the instruments."

Stevens' nervous face was alight with the memory of the lightning-like trip.

"Great Scott!" said he. "It was fearful. Seemed like a monster was running away with us and shaking the car with might and main to fling us out. It was hard work to hold fast."

"You're in for it," I told Hawley.

"He smiled a little. 'Well, I'm in for the best of it,' said he. And we didn't have time to talk much from that time on."

"I looked at the boy. He was crouched down in the car on his knees, gripping the side of the basket with his hands—and teeth, it seemed. Just as his eyes showed over the top I spoke to him, called him by name, yelled at him and finally kicked him. But not a word out of him, not even a look. I wonder what he was thinking of—praying probably for an automobile to take him home!"

"It seemed as if we ought to do something, but, after all, there was nothing to do. We must wait, that's all."

Hawley motioned toward the safety valve, but I shook my head.

"I'm not going to valve," I yelled. "Not yet!"

"You see, I figured that it was fake suction pulling us up, and no device in the world could check that ascent. Just think of that drag rope! We couldn't do a thing till we were free. To attempt any tricks might prove fatal. Struggling against a cyclone is like dealing with a balky wild beast—you'd best lie low till each gets good natured."

"Well, we got to the end of that long tunnel after a while and seemed to pop out suddenly upon what looked like a dark, billowy sea. Then we began to descend."

"I remember hoping that we would not land on Mount Greylock. We were going down fast and threw out most of our sand, then our sugs, carrying cover and lunch basket."

"Suddenly the ground loomed up and I saw an open field and farmhouse. A man was ploughing and I yelled at him. He thought some one was calling to him from the front of the house and hurried away, leaving his horses. We were coming down directly over them and I threw out my last half-bag of sand. The balloon stopped, quivered a moment, floated away and landed nicely."

"It was some time before the boy found his voice. Then he looked at me and said: 'You look awful white, Mr. Stevens.'"

Stevens stopped and laid a warning finger upon my arm. "Now, that sounds mighty dangerous," said he, "climbing a cyclone a mile and more into the sky. In a way it was—for an inexperienced person. But inexperienced people don't go up alone, and, anyway, it was more spectacular than perilous. You mustn't get the idea that ballooning is dangerous. It isn't. My own record proves that, and every other balloonist will tell you the same thing."

"How often do you read of a balloonist being killed? If there is an accident every newspaper the world over has an account of it. And yet, when the Hudson Terminal Building was begun in this city twenty-six Italian caisson diggers failed to call for their time checks, so I am told. The news was never published."

"Ballooning is wonderfully spectacular. Last summer over Pitts-

field I saw snow in the making. It was beautiful."

"There were seven of us in the car. We were at an altitude of one and a quarter miles."

"First the snow resembled a great shower of granulated sugar. The sun shining through it gave it all the rainbow colors, so that it looked like a great shower of confetti. Then the reflection of the sun's rays played queer freaks. At times the shower appeared to go up instead of down, sweeping by us as though whirled up from the earth by some enormous blast. Down below us when the light cleared we could see the specks spread out into big, beautiful flakes."

Stevens' face lighted up with an aeronaut's enthusiasm. "I love to live in the air!" he exclaimed. "Once the launching ropes are off I am happy. And, leaning back in his chair, he gave me a picture of an ascension I shall never forget."

You are floating softly upward into a great blue ocean of air, fresh, sweet, exhilarating. Swiftly the earth sinks away beneath you, bowling up around the horizon line till it seems like the mouth of an enormous crater. The noisy shouts of "Bon voyage!" die away in a faint wavering strain, and soon you are in the midst of original silence. Not a sound is heard save the quick ticking of the barograph."

The earth changes into a great, strange map. Tall buildings look like pepper boxes, and then are lost in the general squattiness. Cities and villages become mere diffused outlines of ground plots. Fences change into tiny, evanescent lines; roads look like pale yellow ribbons and rivers like silver cracks in the earth's surface."

Over there is a thin white streak of smoke wearing its length over the green vista. A train is rushing along. Suddenly it is gone, swallowed up, it would seem, in that strange looking earth. But no, it has merely plunged into a tunnel

beneath a towering mountain, the very presence of which is lost to the balloonist's eye."

Now you pass above the clouds and into a dazzling sunlight. The white billows beneath, with the shadow of the car upon them, look like great trackless fields of snow. So realistic is the scene it seems as if you could put on snowshoes and walk away."

You are on a new planet now roused with a wonderful exhilaration. Beautiful rainbow effects create a veritable fairyland all about you. Suddenly a faint, weird music of sweetest cadence strikes the ear and is gone as swiftly as it came. That is some great, jarring noise from the earth or the heterogeneous roar of a big city merged into measured vibrations of harmony and waited up to your new world by some upspringing current of air."

Stevens laughed suddenly and caught my arm. He had stopped talking and I did not know it. "Come back to earth," said he. "How high were you?"

"Yes," he continued seriously, "ballooning is wonderfully spectacular, but it is not dangerous. I can give you an apt illustration."

"Just recently I made some ascensions in Springfield, Mass. One day, after I had finished luncheon at a home in the city, the young man of the family got me aside and told me in whispers how eager he was to go up. I promised to give him the first opportunity and 'phoned him next day."

"Want to go up?" I asked. "You bet your life!" said he, dropping the phone, and in ten minutes' time he was over in the field and excitedly shaking my hand."

"His sister learned of it somehow and drove up hurriedly, just as we were ready to get in the car. She was very much scared and cried and threatened by turns, trying to induce her brother to give up the ascension and go back with her. Finally she whipped up her horse and

drove home to get her father and bring him out.

"Well, we had a fine trip and got back to the city just as the evening papers were out. We stopped in front of a double bulletin board, and there, on one side, was the announcement of our trip and on the other the news of his sister's accident. Her horse had run away and she had been seriously injured.

"Now," concluded Stevens, "for my own part, and so far as safety is concerned, I'll take a balloon trip in preference to land traveling every time. It has been proven safer.

"How many people who object to the sport really know what a modern balloon is? Very few.

"I had an amusing experience in this respect last year in New England. A prominent resident of Springfield decided to make an ascension with me, but kept the news from his wife, who was highly nervous and had a heart weakness.

"The day we went up some kind friend imparted the news to her, and as the balloon passed over her house she fainted away and was ill for two weeks. After that, of course, I steered clear of meeting her.

"Last summer, however, in Springfield the two—husband and wife—motored out to see me. She seemed quite pleasant after she found I was not an inhuman monster, and was greatly interested while I showed the balloon to her and explained its operation. She was much surprised, too, said she had only seen one balloon, and that from a distance. It was a small, hot air balloon, such as parachutists use, and it caught fire a short distance up. Whenever she thought of a balloon, she said, this picture always entered her mind.

"Why don't you go up?" I suggested.

"Oh, my!" she said, turning to her husband. "I should like to. Can I go?"

"We made an ascension the next day. In mid-air she turned to me

and said: 'Do you know, I have never felt so well and strong as I do this minute?'

"You see, the thin air, lack of pressure and everything made her heart work more easily. And altogether she was the most pleased woman I have ever seen. Before we descended she had made her husband promise to buy a balloon, and now they are devotees of the sport."

Other American women who have taken up ballooning are Mrs. Max Fleischman, of Cincinnati; Mrs. A. R. Lambert, of St. Louis, and in New York Mrs. Courtlandt Field Bishop, Mrs. Newbold Leroy Edgar and Mrs. Julian R. Thomas. In England the Honorable Mrs. Ashton Harbord is the owner of several balloons, has many ascents to her credit and has twice crossed over the English Channel.

"It is simply a matter of getting used to the idea," said Stevens, "and then becoming familiar with the balloon and its safety devices. Then an ascension follows, and once an ascension is made you have an enthusiasm."

"Interest is awakening all over the country. In the Middle West and in New England it is not an uncommon sight now to see a balloon in the air almost every fine day. Whenever I make an ascension there are a number of lady teachers present taking down notes about the construction of a balloon and its methods of operation. These are taught in the class room, and the idea is a good one. We must become educated up to ballooning. I do not believe that any form of aerial navigation will ever compete commercially with the present means of transportation, yet in many ways it is the thing of the future.

"In a few years we shall have transatlantic and transcontinental balloons of the dirigible type—so soon, in fact, that their advent will surprise us all, just as the aeroplane performances of the Wright



The First Woman to Fly

Mrs. Harriet D. Berg Rappaport With Mr. Wilbur Wright the Balloonist of Illinois

brothers did. Before that time we shall have aerodromes in every large city and in many smaller ones, parks and buildings where balloons may be stored and inflated and where ascents may be made. These will be established very shortly."

The present day balloon enthusiasts are pioneers, it must be borne in mind, and to them is due a good

deal of credit for their unselfish efforts to promote the sport and bring its delights and usefulness before the general public. It is but a few years ago that the balloon was only a showman's device, and its utility was based altogether upon a matter of gate receipts; to-day it bids fair to play a very prominent part in the sports, the transportation facilities and the international rela-

tions of more than half the civilized world.

Still more credit is due professional aeronauts—men like Stevens and Captain Baldwin. The balloon in its former restricted sphere was a very lucrative source of livelihood to them. Then its operation was invested with a sort of magic known to a very few, and it would seem natural that they should prefer to jealously maintain this situation instead of being prime movers in a general campaign of education.

This year, Stevens says, he will come out even for the first time in his manufacturing experience. In his parachuting days he made as much as \$2,500 in a single day. All his present ascensions—in New England, New York, the Middle West—are made at his own expense. So, too, were his ascents for the government. It seems strange that an individual should have to take the initiative and bear the necessary expense in such a matter when to-day most nations are struggling to increase their balloon service with much the same competitive energy that they devote to enlarging their naval armament.

"I've just returned from Milwaukee and Ohio," said Stevens, "and I had many odd experiences there.

"My hotel was thronged with visitors pretty much all day long. I had a good deal of trouble getting in and out and avoiding them. Some people simply wanted to talk with me; others were cranks with flying machine devices; a few wanted to make ascents.

"One young fellow came to me with money. 'I understand,' said he, 'that you charge \$400 to take a passenger up.'

"No," said I, "I don't charge anything. Why, do you want to go up?"

"Well, I'll tell you," he said. "I'm the janitor of a bank here in town. There's a young clerk there, son of the president, who has plenty of money and is very cheery and nob-

bish. He is going up with you tomorrow and is constantly boasting about it. Now, I'd like to beat him by going up to-day. If you'll take me, I've got \$300 saved up and \$150 of it is yours."

"That's a fair sample of the requests I get," said Stevens. "But the general awakening of interest is encouraging, anyway."

We had been talking in the Stevens balloon factory, the only institution of its kind in New York, or, for that matter, in the country. It covers two and a half floors, and at its busiest time has about as many employees, the fraction existing in the person of a stately black cat, who plays the part of night watchman.

Here is a varied assemblage of all things ballooneerwise cluttering the floor and hanging from the rafters: Ropes in bundles and loose coils, ballast bags of stone, denim, anchors of all sizes, hampers, baskets, netting, rings and a dozen odds and ends of equipment and paraphernalia.

In a row along one side are canvas covered bundles of varying size, gas bags packed and ready for shipment, and in the corner is a loose tumbler of white cloth. That's a balloon in the making.

The sewing of the gas bag and assembling of the parts of the complete balloon are done in the factory. A cotton and linen mixed cloth is generally used—sometimes Japanese and Chinese silk. After the stitching is done the bag must be varnished, and that requires a much larger space.

So the factory has an adjunct in Hoboken, a large skating rink, with a roof sixty-five feet in the clear. Here the bag is varnished, pumped full of air and rolled over on its side, to be inspected carefully for leaks. Some weeks are required for drying, and, all in all, it takes from sixty to seventy-five days to build and dry a balloon for shipment.

A balloon to carry two persons and with a gas bag of 22,000 cubic feet costs between \$500 and \$600. The inflation costs but \$18, so the sport as compared, for instance, with automobilizing, is not an expensive one.

The structure of the balloon is simple. Briefly, it consists of a spherical gas bag and a concentrating ring underneath, to which is attached the tail-like appendix and safety valve, opened and closed by a cord which dangles down into the car.

The car, hung by ropes to the network which covers the gas bag, is a stout wicker basket, lined with canvas and with movable stripe for seats. The interior may be fitted up very luxuriously and provided with small heaters and hampers. Thermal bottles and self-heating cans provide a hot and elaborate lunch whenever desired.

Along one side of the gas bag is a narrow, imposed strip, ending in a cord in the car. This is the "ripping cord." It is used for quick deflation and is a very important accessory, fulfilling the opposite function of the ballast bags, which are carried in the car and hung on ropes about the side. Briefly, in operating a balloon it is sand out to go up and gas out (through the "ripping cord") to go down.

"The balloonist fears water most of all," said Stevens. "If you see yourself approaching a large body of it and don't care to cross you can easily make a quick descent by means of the ripping cord. But if it is misty, so that you cannot see far ahead, and you don't know just where you are it is rather risky. I've just had that sort of experience out in Milwaukee, and I found this little instrument of much help."

He showed me a small brass contrivance that looks like the chopped off end of a cornet. It is attached by a heavily insulated wire to good sized dry batteries. "That's an electric 'stern' whistle," said he. "It

can be heard five miles away, and then the batteries are good for ballast."

"Its use is to warn people of your approach, so that they will be ready and in fit condition to talk to you and tell you where you are. You see, it often takes half a minute for your megaphone call to reach the earth, and even if they answer promptly another half minute for their answer to reach you. Now, if you are flying along at the rate of forty miles an hour you can see the disadvantage you labor under.

"We have laughable experiences in the country. When you approach a farmhouse the chickens see the shadow of the balloon first and start an awful uproar. Then the pigs take it up, and by the time you are over the house the family is half mad and half crazy with fright. Generally when I yell down 'Where are we?' I get only an open-mouthed look and the answer—a very gratifying one—'Hey! Where are you going?'

"We had lots of fun with this siren."

"I suppose it does sound unearthly to hear this hair-raising screech come out of the sky. Bu, what antics we saw!"

"Two Swedes dropped down beside their plough horses and began praying. Another man rolled over and covered his head with his coat. Generally, though, the brave fellows just cut and run for their wives and families. Then they would come out with grandfather's flintlock and defy us to do our worst."

"I'll never forget a trip I made years ago from St. Louis to Michigan. We were above a tornado at one time and it was a remarkable sight. Not a bit of trouble where we were. You could scarcely know you were moving, and no sound from the earth reached us. But we could see big trees bend and break and fields of grain swept flat as a floor."

"The storm was still on when

we tried a landing, and an exciting time we had of it. We were swept through an orchard, breaking our anchor and tearing off big branches of trees. We crashed to the ground right in front of the farmhouse, where a tall old lady stood defiantly guarding the door. We called rather unexpectedly and, considering the damage done in the orchard and all, she had good reason to be mad.

"Where did you fellers come from?" she demanded.

"St. Louis," said I.

"She stared at us, took off her glasses, wiped them and stared again.

"Now, that will do!" said she, and walked in and slammed the door."

The first dirigible balloon built in this country was designed in the Stevens factory. Strung on the wall are the original skeleton models, long wooden frames, with sharp pointed ends.

"Dirigibles have followed spherical balloons," said Stevens, "and are fast coming into practical use. They are the balloons of the future."

"Handling a dirigible, however, is altogether a different matter. In

the first place more care must be taken in filling them with gas so that the inflation will be even throughout. Then one must understand the operation of the engine, another matter altogether. The dirigible costs much more, too—about \$5,000.

"Just as soon as aeromants accustomed themselves to being up in the air and handling an ordinary balloon they will take the dirigible easily enough. I expect to see them in fairly common use within a few years. Then our much vaunted airship era will be on."

"The aeroplute will never become popular. The flying machine is to ballooning what tightrope walking is to ordinary sports—it all depends on the operator, who must be an acrobat."

"Handling an aeroplane demands constant attention and genuine agility of the professional kind. Constant concentration of thought is necessary. Forget an instant and you are gone."

"But dirigibles—well, here's a proposition. Let's take a dirigible trip to Europe in 1915. Will you go?"

Fitness In the Business Race

By SIR FORTUNE FREE

Reproduced from Cassell's Journal

"It was fitness did it."

Those are the words of the critics regarding Dorando's failure to beat Longboat in the Marathon race at New York. Hayes beat Dorando, Dorando in the same race beat Longboat, Dorando beat Hayes, and now Longboat beats Dorando. One gets a bit mixed when one looks at it. Opinion may differ as to the end as to which is really the best man, but for the beaten man there is always one regular excuse: "He wasn't fit."

To get a man absolutely fit is a bigger job than one who has not tried it might imagine. Mr Justice Hawkins once described how an old gentleman named Noyes, who used to train some of the most celebrated prizefighters of the day, groaned over the difficulties he had to fight against in getting his man "fit as a fiddle."

"You see," he said, "you no sooner get a man fit in one way than he flops over in some other way, an' you want him fit all through. A bit ain't no good. Well, it's like puttin' a drunken man on horseback. You no sooner shove him up on one side than you have to run round to stop him a pitchin' off on the other. Always somethin' wrong. No, I don't expect as I have ever had a fellow yet as was more than nine parts fit. But that's more than other fellows manage."

We don't all want to run twenty-six miles in two hours forty-five minutes. Marathon races are not the

line of most people, but, all the same, being fit or unfit makes a terrible lot of difference in whatever business race we may be contesting. Sir James Paget, the great physician, declared that he could never make out how it was that, while people recognized they could do nothing physically big without some training, they would not recognize that daily life wanted some training for, too.

Disraeli was with a friend one day when they met Gladstone walking down a street in the West-End. He was walking at his usual rate—something like six miles an hour—and, with a flower in his buttonhole, his head up in the air, and his coat tails flying behind him, he whizzed by with a smile of greeting. Disraeli turned to look after him, and sighed.

"He is, perhaps, the most wonderful man in Britain," he observed. "Wonderful in many ways, but none more wonderful than in how he manages to keep fit." It was a mystery, of course. He was working at that time about fifteen hours a day, and many of those hours were spent in the House of Commons in an atmosphere as foul as, perhaps, any East-End workshop could boast.

One of our most beautiful and hard-working actresses the other day—she often does absurd things—meeting me in a West-end drawing-room, asked me how old I thought her. I told her thirty-five—mean-

Begin It

Goethe

Lose this day loitering, 'twill be the same story
To-morrow, and the next more dilatory;
True indecision brings its own delays,
And days are lost, lamenting over days.
Are you in earnest? Seize the very minute;
What you can do, or think you can, begin it;
Boldness has genius, power, and magic in it.
Only begin it, and the mind grows heated;
Begin it, and the work will be completed.

ing, of course, forty-five—and she told me, in a whisper, that she was over fifty. I asked her how she managed it, and she replied: "It's care—not being a fool."

The prescription did not tell me much. I found out later that she meant bearing her work always in mind and never departing from a rigid system of keeping fit for it.

Some time ago a series of experiments were made by scientific gentlemen on the children in a number of schools. They wanted to find out how it was one child differed from another in getting tired—how one was able to keep bright longer than another. The youngsters were most carefully examined and then set to work. At the end of an hour or so they were examined again. At the end of another hour examined once more. I am sorry to say that a large number of those youngsters did not turn out satisfactorily. Then the investigators put their heads together and began to ask them questions so as to find a clue to how it was they were deficient in energy. They found five great reasons—want of proper food, want of proper exercise, want of proper air, want of enough water, and want of enough sleep.

I pointed out that result to a celebrated barrister the other day who was complaining of not "being up to the mark." I thought he might recognize among those causes of mental and physical flagging one that might fit his case. He said that, apart from the want of a bath, he believed he had every want of those children. He made a note of them as things he did not mean to forget having enough of in future.

At a big West-End establishment where there are over a hundred and fifty young ladies employed, I read in the papers, the nonesies have, for a year or two back, been trying to induce their employees to become "fit" as they possibly can. They got a lady in to put them through a little

six minutes' drill each morning. Then for a time they spoilt everything. They got the lady to deliver a series of little lectures to the girls on, "How to Take Care of Yourself." The feminine back went up at that. Just as if they could not take care of themselves! Preposterous! As attendance at the lectures was not obligatory, none went. The lady lecturer found she had only to take care of herself! Recognizing the situation, the heads of the establishment changed the title of the lectures to "How to Keep Healthy, Young, and Beautiful." The place was packed. The management declare that they have found the lectures and the drill one of the most paying departments. They have decreased sickness—got rid of the ordinary ailments of life—in a wonderful manner. The girls go about their work with a hundred per cent. added on to their cheerfulness. The only drawback, from the proprietors' point of view, is that the young ladies are getting married so fast.

Fitness or unfitness for work often depends on such little things that, because the remedies are at everyone's doors and inside their doors too, people won't attach importance to them. Qman, the great physician, when called in to a certain gentleman first of all insisted on having a forty-guinea fee. It seemed a lot, but the physician confided to a friend that he knew the patient, and that every guinea he added on to his fee meant that the patient would all the more readily adopt his advice. Forty-guinea advice would have double the weight of advice given for twenty. He impressed upon the patient, if he wanted to live, to take horse exercise.

"That means," objected the patient, "that I shall have to buy a horse for seventy or eighty pounds! I can't be seen on a mean beast!"

"Life is not dear at that," said the physician gravely.

Feeling as if Death were behind

him ready to clutch his collar, the patient bought the beast and began to ride. It had a wonderful effect. The physician, however, explained to a friend that it only meant the gentleman's swallowing a few gasps of fresh air each morning. He might have stood at a window and done that and got the same benefit at the cost of nothing a day. But he would never have done that. So cheap!

The girl confined to a place of business all day, and the young fellow confined to an office, want to think for themselves if they are to keep "fit."

"To all the disadvantages—as regards health—of their occupation," declared Sir Andrew Clark, the great physician, "the young man and the young woman add a forgetfulness of themselves. Their work may 'take it out of them,' but they put everything that goes wrong with them down to their work. A vast amount of their unfitness comes from neglect of the most ordinary rules of health—as regards what they eat and drink for instance."

A city doctor, who takes a great interest in the workers in offices, told me some time since that he had made a point of questioning the girls who come to him as to the

meals they eat in a week. He found that the majority, in the seven days, got about as much nutriment as they should have had—and might have got for the same amount of money they spent—in four days. The millionaire with seven carriages, he declared, took care to get more walking exercise, than the gentleman who always had a penny bus at command. He invariably prescribed knocking off buns to the girls and walking three miles a day to "the chained to the desk brigade."

The worker who finds his work such a strain that it takes up all his time and energy, would often find that a little of the thinking applied in the proper direction—to himself—would relieve him of a vast amount of worry in other directions. Baron Hirsch, the millionaire, when he was applied to by a young fellow for some advice as to how to succeed in the world, surprised him by telling him one good thing was to always sleep with one's window open a little. The disappointed seeker of a recipe for quick-to-get-rich rapidly mentioned the advice to a friend.

"He only means that it is a good thing to attend to the little things that give one energy in mind and body," said his friend.

Cheerful Under All Circumstances

Success Magazine

On November 18, 1907, a man was electrocuted at Sing Sing for murder.

The day before his execution his two sisters and some other relatives, who had worked very hard for his release, called to say "Good-by" to the prisoner, and at their departure he said, "I will walk to the chair with a smile on my face, and the smile will be for you."

He kept his word, and was smiling as the deadly current ended his life.

If this wretched man could smile when facing death under such horrible conditions, it would certainly seem that any one could manage to be cheerful under the most trying circumstances.

Romance of a Famous Mining Camp

By KATE SIMPSON HAYES

Reproduced from the Pacific Monthly

THE recent incursion of the Guggenheims into Cariboo, so long famous for its gold placers has awakened a new interest in that romantic district among the people of the United States.

The real romance of old Cariboo, however, centres round about the story of a miner who made and lost millions, and whose grave to-day marks the spot where fortune beckoned and bereft, all within a quarter of a century. Many sturdy forms stand out against the background of the historic past, but one supreme figure overshadows that group and is silhouetted strongly in the fast-fading light of time: That man is known and remembered as "Cariboo" Cameron.

Cameron was a young Glasgow Scotsman from Ontario, Canada, who went out to California in the rush of '49. Accompanied by his young bride, Cameron joined the gold-seekers, and found himself with thousands in chase of fortune, making the overland journey to the Golden State, then over-run by prospectors. The miners were outnumbered by the earl-sharpers and other sealaws who lived idly on the toil of the toiler. Ten "honest" women were in the camp, and bonniest of the bonnie, went young Cameron's wife, her pretty face and trim figure creating admiration that the little Presbyterian, brought up in a Canadian country town, little understood. Cameron dug down to pay dirt, scraping and searching for

the precious metal all day, while the little wife sang in the camp and cooked the workingman's meal. Meanwhile the dissolute camp life went on all around; and one day, Cameron quit his claim, the Californian "pocket" he had emptied scarce filling the pocket of the leather vest he wore, and with his brave-hearted young wife he set out from "Frisco" for the newer gold fields of British Columbia.

The "toke" road leading "Any-where" led from Yale to the heart of the hills; it was an old Indian trail and forked in many branching directions; and Cameron with his wife, and pack on his back, set out one September day, the hand of the woman in his hand, the hope of the miner in his heart. Yale at this time was the head of navigation: the trail ran with the Fraser River, crossing it by fording at Spuzzan, running through the great canyon to Boston Bar, thence to Ashcroft, and on through the deep wooded hills to the gold fields.

Cameron's young wife took to the road cheerfully, encouraging by her word and smile, only letting lonely tears fall when her husband left her to bring down a winged bird for the wildwood supper. Toil and heavy privation were carried with the more lightsome hopes along that almost impassable way; but the lust for gold is a wonderful and revivifying thing, and the men and women who dared the dangers of the march were proving the "sur-

vival of the fittest." Ten days out, Cameron camped one rainy evening by a beautiful lake, and while he sat smoking a thoughtful pipe, his wife prepared the couch of pine boughs. The dying light of day showed a figure coming through the deeply-tangled brushwood of the forest. It was an old Indian, a "Siwash" who begged a little kinnikinnick (tobacco). Behind him trudged a wife, bearing a pack of muskrat skins. With that true hospitality which belongs to the labor world alone, Cameron offered food and shelter to the savages. It was received with stolid indifference by the savages who went away, but was amply repaid the next evening, when the Indian, following the Camerons, reappeared, carrying a folded rag of blanket in which lay shining nuggets of glistening gold. The savage pointed in a certain direction, and being incouraged by the miner, agreed to lead them to the source of supply. He led the

two whites through a tortuous way over mountain and through wilds until, November having arrived, they were suffered to know the journey was ended. Here Cameron struck tent, and the wet season having set in, he took upon himself the building of a rude shelter which he might call home.

With spring came the real work of sluicing, when the water head was laid bare and adjoining bottoms carefully scrutinized. Mile after mile of the ground was worked; water flows turned and rivers dammed, but gold traces were few amongst the gravel and earth turned over day after day. The waters kept the secret well, the rocks hugged the gold close, and all poor Cameron found after a full twelve months was the fact that his wife was failing in health. Prospectors and others, trailed into the little camp, and as there were no clearly defined social lines, the "honest" woman clasped hands with Jezebel

out of sheer longing for human sympathy. The loneliness was appalling. One morning Cameron's wife was unable to rise from her bed. Her heart had throbbled its last hope of finding the gold and success now seemed something very far away. Whispering words of sympathy—and hope—wonderful woman heart!—Cameron's wife looked her last on the mist-veiled hills, and habbling a few unconscious words, which told the broken-hearted man too late, how great had been her loneliness and how deep the love of old Glen-garry—she passed away into the forgetfulness of the long sleep. Wrapped in the worn Scotch plaid shawl which had long covered her aching heart she was placed in a rudely-constructed coffin, and she was fittingly laid within the bosom of the new land which held her last hope. Three days later Cameron struck the streak which brought him fortune and made him a multi-millionaire!

Then came the title "Cariboo Cameron." Cariboo thenceforth became the centre of a mining activity never surpassed in history. Between dusk and dawn of a single day the population jumped from twenty-seven souls to seven hundred. The number multiplied itself within a month. A "town" arose; the "Wake-up-Jake" saloon came; the Dance House followed, and the keering eye of the "Red Light" shone with snake-like brilliancy amongst the tall timbers of the hills. Men went wild with the glut of wealth suddenly acquired; but amid all the carnival and noise of the crowd, one man set apart when nightfall came, sat by a darkened cabin on the hill-side, muttering over and over again with drawn lips, the hopeless wail so often heard in life: "Too late! too late!"

Social life in an early-day mining camp was a cross between a fight and a funeral! One day someone struck pay dirt and the whole

"town" danced a week to celebrate the "strike." Another day a funeral followed a fight and the entire population gathered together to decide whether the slayer was qualified for the law of the limb, or, would he (by reason of his talking qualities, having proved his individual right to kill), become a limb of the law? All matters were settled by "motion," and motion meant commotion, but Cariboo camp had proved itself—it was the greatest paying camp on earth, for the average value of the gold taken went over a thousand dollars per lineal foot. The actual output of Cariboo, with its tributary camps combined, averaged during the period of activity, \$1,145,457 per annum.

"Lightning Creek" and "Williams Creek" became famous in 1861; both giving out millions to the lucky owners. But during the year 1861, the Cariboo camp alone gave out \$1,913,593.

Meantime where was Cariboo Cameron? The colonial Government having been appealed to, sent out in January an armed escort to convey the first consignment of gold dust out from Cariboo camp. Cariboo Cameron was the first man to take his "treasure" out. What excitement when the word went round! What bar-room logic was brought to bear when the computed wealth of the "King of the Cariboo" was estimated at 50,000 ounces of "dust," and what sentiment was aroused when the escort having arrived, the "treasure" Cariboo lifted to the stage-coach was the body of his loyal companion in poverty and labor. At an enormous cost he was taking to her Glengarry home the body of the woman whose last babbling words were of his pleasant orchards and fields. Truly the King of the Cariboo had a royal heart and true!

"Cameron-town," as the camp was then called, got drunk in recognition of the deed. Sir Matthew (then

Judge Boghic) had so named it in 1863. But the man who made the place and the name famous had drifted East, had built a fine mansion in his native town, and, after a time, married a second wife and set out to enjoy his hard-earned wealth. It was said of him that he hated the sight of gold—and spending it became a "mania." But those who knew him best tell of unrecorded good done with his millions.

Those who knew the man well, spoke of him as "saddened." Those who knew him less, hurled at him the word "maddened." Maddened by grief, or success, which? For some years the words "Cariboo Cameron" were dropped from the chat of camp life. The camp went on panning out dirt in big-paying quantities, the days of fiddling and fighting calmed down to more temperate indulgences, and schools with churches, as well as shops and the play-house, gave a more wholesome atmosphere to the place.

The cost of transportation was enormous; a dollar a pound being the fixed rate. Theatre tickets sold at ten dollars apiece, and everything was paid for in gold-dust. To show the value of a consignment sent out, and the necessity for an armed escort in the wild days of Cariboo, a "bucket" of nuggets and precious "dust," computed in cash value meant \$154,764, and tipped the scales at 9,000 ounces.

The "Road House" of the pioneer days was another institution. To it the stage rolled up, and from it went out, with hopes, many a searcher of fortune. The "100-Mile House" kept by one McClure, still stands, a hospitable doorway to hungry travelers; freighters and wayfarers seeking the north country by stage coach still use the highway of the old trails.

In the early sixties the Victoria ran the rapids of the Upper Fraser River; its bulk may be yet seen high and dry where the remains of a

"camp" stands in the lonely hills. A fine smart little steamer replaces the Victoria on this inland waterway.

Quite recently the Guggenheims of New York bought out "The Pit" mine of Cariboo, paying \$100,000 in cash for it, and the cut shown here-with shows the working shaft between a gravel ledge 300 feet high on either side. The old piping for the sluice work now going on lies on the ground.

"Cameron town" has become quite a respectable camp, and has been renamed Barkerville.

* * * * *

One September day in 1887, the stage brought into Barkerville two travelers, a man and a woman. The camp scarcely noted the shabbily-dressed newcomers; travelers were plenty, and little interest was at-

tached to anything outside the routine of camp life. But interest was most rudely awakened next morning when the report went out that Cariboo Cameron lay dead, his body resting in the old and time-battered camp from which he had gone out years before, a multi-millionaire! Cariboo Cameron had returned to the haunt of his success, a pauper! He had won and lost a fortune—how he won it, we all know—how he lost it, why ask?

He had come back to the old camping ground bravely determined to "begin again," and with him came a second woman to dare the toil and trials of the gold-seeker. What a sublime courage for the woman! What kindly courage for the old disappointed man! To-day Cariboo Cameron's bones lie within a stone's throw of the Camp in Barkerville.

Keep Playing

Herbert Kaulman in Everybody's

If you're on to the game and you're wise to the rules,

Keep playing.

Buck through the centre and give it a ram,
Smash on and crash on, you'll squirm through the jam.
If their trick is a flim, let your trick be a flam;
Don't welch just because you've received one hard slam.

Even if you are down, they've not counted you out.

When you've rested, go back at the bunch with a shout.

Get your wind, grit your teeth, you're not hurt for a damn—

Keep playing.

Suppose you are last, there are more laps ahead,

Keep running.

Many a victory is snatched from defeat;
While there's breath in his body, no man can be beat.
Don't you know you've a chance to the very last heat?
Brace up there and put some more speed in your feet.

If you try hard enough, you'll catch on to the way;

Chances are that to-morrow is your special day;

Screw your courage up tight, twist some grit in your mesh!

Keep running.



Sir John Barker

From Apprentice to Baronet

By WILLIAM LATEY
From Young Men

SIR JOHN BARKER, M.P., who received his baronetcy when the Birthday Honours of 1908 were conferred, is one of those men who owe their success entirely to untiring personal efforts. He was an alderman of the first London County Council, and is now member for Penryn and Falmouth.

"When I was sixteen, on April 6th, 1865, I received my last present from my parents. Since then I have kept myself."

These are Sir John's own words, and, though many a man can say the same, few can make claim to the steadiness of purpose and unrelaxing vigor with which he won his way from obscurity to be emperor over a vast emporium. Times have changed in business as in social life, but for the ambitious young man grit and "go" will tell just as much now as they did in the early Victorian days.

Sir John Barker was first of all a draper's apprentice, and he much regrets the vanishing of the valuable system of apprenticeship.

When I found Sir John in his little office in the well-known Kensington establishment where he supplies anything from a juicy steak to an Egyp-

tian tummy, it was after traversing a veritable hive of industry. At this one establishment—for he is head of three large firms—he employs from 1,700 to 2,000 hands.

First, he told me something about his career. Born in 1840 at Doose, near Maidstone, he left school early to become apprenticed for three years to a draper. Learning thoroughly all the secrets of the trade, he left home to make his own living, and came to London.

He did not expect to see gifted pavements, but he found it took all his time to pay his way and leave something over for the proverbial "rainy day." However, he toiled and saved, and before he was thirty found his way into a large firm already well known at that time. The whole management was vested in him after a while, and the returns from £16,000 a year leapt up in three and a half years to the enormous figure of over £300,000.

Then in 1870 Mr. Barker resolved to strike out for himself; "and the result," he said smilingly, "you can see around you."

Apprenticeship is in skilled trades what "articles" are in the privileged

professions. A hundred years ago nearly every boy intended for a commercial life was an apprentice, and in Elizabethan days we know that the London apprentices were a body to be reckoned with. Now for some unexplained reason boys drift into most trades without any of that thorough technical education which is guaranteed by apprenticeship under a good master. Printing and engineering are two of the callings in which one is still apprenticed as a general rule, but in the drapery, as well as in most other, trade the system is unfortunately dying out.

"It is the only way to learn a trade properly," remarked Sir John. "My groundwork has stood me in good stead from first to last. I learnt all that was to be learnt about small wares as an apprentice and improver, and what was necessary then is even more necessary now. To become an employer you must get to know every detail of your business, and not be above sweeping out the office."

"What is required in a young man? Industry, enthusiasm, and a desire to excel. Whenever I entered a shop I looked at the top berth, and generally managed to get it. The conditions then were only different as to the volume of business. Great wholesale stores were only just in process of creation, and salaries were smaller."

"Nowadays, I have noticed, men are paid better but are satisfied with less responsibility. People in my firm have refused important berths because they shirk the responsibilities. In my younger days I saw very little of that. Men jumped at what they could get then, and did their best."

"There are always plenty of good positions for good men, but men above the average are not easily found, and—don't forget—a great firm does not live on its name, but mainly on the capacities of chiefs of departments. The measure of success of each department is the thermometer

of the business ability of the man in whom the management is invested."

Sir John Barker puts great faith in the need of recreation and amusement, and, in fact, was a pioneer of the early closing movement. Only the day previously to my call upon him he headed a deputation to the Home Secretary in favor of Lord Avebury's Sunday Closing Bill. Sunday opening of all sorts and conditions of shops is on the increase, he said, in large towns, and especially in London and Glasgow.

"When I was canvassing during my election campaign at Maidstone, I met a grocer who said to me, 'I'm not going to vote for you; you want me to shut up my shop early, and lose half my trade. If I and my daughter like to keep open the shop till ten, why shouldn't we?' That is the type of man who keeps a whole district open."

In reply to a query, Sir John said he would welcome any way of avoiding the "living-in" system. "It is very costly and a great responsibility, though if it is for the benefit of my staff I don't mind in the least."

In his firm, I learnt, most of the employees preferred to be boarded, as also in the case of a well-known dress-making firm, of which he is chairman. In the latter case many of the girls come over from Paris, and it is obviously the best thing for them to board together. "Here, too," he added, "young girls come up from the country—daughters of tradesmen in most cases—knowing that they are sure of good food and comfortable board."

This was no idle boast, for Mr. R. Millbourn, a director, took me round the staff buildings, and I was astonished to see the high scale of comfort provided for the workers. No wonder "living-in" in such an expensive district as Kensington is such a considerable item in the firm's expenses.

As I came away my reflection was that if all "living-in" systems were conducted so admirably as this, shop assistants would be in clover.

The Business End of Polar Exploration

By W. S. BRUCE

From the Fortnightly Review

THE world shrinks, and now there are few parts of the globe which have not been traversed. I say purposely traversed, for many parts traversed have not been explored. A race across Africa, from Paris to Pekin on a motor car, or what has been aptly called the "boyish Pole hunt," can now no longer be regarded as serious exploration. In fact, in Polar exploration, especially people are beginning to see the comparative uselessness of such journeys, and rarely can any Polar expedition get money unless the leader announces that such and such scientific investigations are to be made by a staff of experts, and that such and such scientific results are likely to accrue. Yet what the mass of the public desire is pure sensationalism, therefore the Polar explorer who attains the highest latitude and who has the powers of making a vivid picture of the difficulties and hardships involved, will be regarded popularly as the hero, and will seldom fail to add materially to his store of worldly welfare; while he who plods on an unknown tract of land or sea and works there in systematic and monographic style, will probably not have such worldly success, unless his business capacity is such as to allow him to turn to his advantage products of commercial value in the lands and seas he has been exploring. The general rule, however, is that the man of science opens the way and reveals the treasures of the unknown, and that the man of business follows and reaps the

commercial advantage, and where this is not the case and the man of science takes to money-making, the chances are that the world has rather lost than gained by his transition. Yet there is a marked temptation for the man of science to devote himself to money-making sooner or later, for so starved has he been for many years that eventually he seeks to gain some of that worldly comfort for his family and himself associated with moderate wealth which has been almost entirely denied to him in earlier life. It is right, therefore, that the man of science who has not the time or the inclination to devote his life to the gathering of gold should look to those who have this for their chief aim in life to support him in investigations of the unknown, or to those who, by the industry of their ancestors, have more than is necessary for at least a life of comfort.

In the face of these facts, it is interesting to note that the author recently, in trying to get support for the Scottish National Antarctic Expedition from one who professes desire to spend the large fortune he has gathered in a useful manner, should have received the answer that he could not see the use of such expeditions. Exactly the same answer that Columbus received more than four centuries ago; yet how many owe their wealth to that enthusiast's voyage. Was there ever a more mad-cap expedition than that one? A veritable nutshell to seal westward into the unknown

and to face dangers beyond all the powers of human conception.

There is no reason to believe that wealth equal to that of the New World of Christopher Columbus does not exist in the Polar regions, considering the increased power given to man by the advancement of science, which is constantly showing new ways and means to furnish suitable methods for discovering and making use of that wealth.

So far I have been trying to answer the question which the Polar explorer constantly gets asked him usually by the business man—who has not had any scientific training—namely, What is the use of these Polar expeditions? If the sole aim is to reach the North or South Pole or to get nearer to it than anyone has been before, the answer must be that it is of little value either to science or commerce. That is the accomplishment of an athletic feat only to be carried out by those who have splendid physical development. But if it refers to expeditions well equipped with every means for the scientific survey of a definite section of the world—be it land or sea—then the answer is different. To add to the store of human knowledge means increased power of adding to human comfort. It also means making another step into the forever unfathomable unknown, and it is the duty of the scientific explorer as a pioneer to investigate a definite area of the unknown with a staff of competent specialists.

Modern Polar exploration must be conducted in this manner. Having decided whether one's energies are to be applied to the Arctic or Antarctic regions, the explorer has to make up his mind whether it be land or sea that he is about to explore, and, having determined that, and being well acquainted with the literature of his subject, and having had previous practical training in the work he is about to undertake, he chooses his definite area. It may be a large or a small area. It may be one that has been previously traversed and of

which a hazy idea may be had. It may be over lands untroubled by the foot of man or seas as yet unfaired. Suppose it is a detailed investigation of the North Polar basin. The explorer must first have a good ship, built somewhat on the lines of the Scotia or Fram, for resisting and evading ice pressure, and, following the idea of Nansen's drift, he will sail the Behring Straits, making his base of departure British Columbia or Japan. Then, working northward as far as possible through the pack ice, the ship will eventually be beset firmly in the autumn or even earlier, and, if she be of the right build, with safety. Now, as far as the ship is concerned, she must be made snug for the winter, and she becomes to all intents and purposes a house for the next three, or may be four, years. She will drift right across the North Polar basin, and will emerge from the Polar pack somewhere between Greenland and Spitzbergen. The probability is that she will pass almost if not right through the position of the North Pole. But all this may be counted worthless if there is not complete and thorough equipment of men, instruments, and other material for scientific investigation. The expedition must be for the thorough examination of the Polar basin—that is, it must be an expedition fitted out primarily for oceanographical research. The leader of the expedition should be a scientific man, and should certainly be one who has gained knowledge by having carried on scientific research in one or more departments in the service of some previous expedition. He must also be practically acquainted with the handling of an oceanographical ship. Without such experience, be he landman or seaman, failure must be the result.

The scientific staff must include well-trained men able to organize the work of their various departments under the co-ordination of the leader. Astronomy; meteorology, including an investigation of the higher atmosphere by means of balloons and kites,

as well as sea-level observations; magnetism; ocean physics, including an investigation of currents, temperature, specific gravity at all depths from the surface to the bottom; bathymetry, including a complete study of the shape of the floor of the Polar basin; geology, especially a study of the nature of the bottom; biology, an investigation of every living thing, those animals that live on the bottom of the sea, those who swim on or near the surface or in intermediate depths—in short, benthic, planktonic, and nektonic research; a study of the algae and animals that may be found in association with the ice itself, as well as an investigation of every animal or plant above the surface of the ocean. Six or eight scientific men would not be too few to form the scientific staff, and they must be provided with at least two laboratories, a scientific store room, and photographic room. The leader himself being well acquainted with conditions of work in the Polar regions, it is not essential that the scientific staff should be, but it would be an advantage that his chief of staff had some ice experience, and that he should be able to take up the reins in the event of the serious illness or death of the leader. The scientific side of the ship should be separate from the nautical, and the leader must be the intermediary and guiding hand for both. The master of the ship must be subject to the leader, and the crew entirely responsible to the master, the leader strongly supporting the master in this position. It is questionable how far commercial advantage would be derived from such an expedition, probably none immediately, though almost certainly some to a future generation if not to our own; but the increase of human knowledge by the thorough survey of a definite area of our globe in a systematic manner is sufficient to warrant such an expedition being carried out.

This is the only piece of work (in

the North Polar regions) that remains to be done on an extensive scale, and which must extend over a long period of time without a break, though there is much Arctic work to be done in other directions. Thus the author has been busying himself during the last two summer seasons with the detailed investigation of Prince Charles Foreland. This island, about fifty miles long and about six miles wide, forms a considerable part of the west coast of the archipelago of Spitsbergen. Prince Charles Foreland, named after Charles, son of James VI. of Scotland, has been known to exist for more than 300 years, yet there has been practically complete ignorance of its form, geology, fauna and flora.

It would be of interest to take the chart of the Arctic regions and to enumerate the different parts that yet remain to be explored—their name is legion. The Beaufort Sea, the islands and channels to the north of the American continent offer especially a splendid field for topographical, hydrographical, biological, geological and other research. Much valuable work is to be accomplished by a series of stations set up in strategic places for biological research, and the same may be said for magnetism and meteorology—especially if associated with investigation of the higher atmosphere. Denmark deserves great credit for recently setting up a biological station in Davis Strait in the manner here indicated. This has been accomplished by the generosity of Justice A. Hoek, and is backed up by an annual grant of £600 from the Danish Government towards its maintenance. Similar stations could with little difficulty be set up in Spitsbergen, Franz Josef Land, Novaya Zemlya, and possibly also in Jan Mayen and East Greenland. This form of research is one of the most valuable forms of exploration yet to be accomplished. The station should in each case be provided with a moderate-sized steam or motor launch.

The Human Factor in Business Efficiency

By W. M. McFARLAND

Reproduced from Engineering Magazine

IT is probable that there was never a time when there was not an effort on the part of some especially energetic individuals to bring about an improvement in existing methods, but with the advent of the steam engine as an active factor in human affairs, this effort for improvement has become more marked, with an intensity which has been steadily growing, down to the present time, so far as relates to increased efficiency of machines. The improvement has come about partly by good fortune, partly by experiments (not always well directed), and partly as the result of effort directed by a thorough knowledge of theory. The last quarter-century has witnessed a greater concentration of effort towards the increase of efficiency in the human element, and it is proposed to discuss briefly what is really the basis for the undoubted improvement which has resulted.

It is one of the elementary chapters in political economy which proves that unorganized society is of necessity inefficient, and the books go on to show that specialization produces a decided increase in the individual and the general efficiency. This is true even on a small scale. When the scale of operations is greatly increased, we find, as we might expect, that thorough training and organization are productive of increased efficiency, as is notably shown in the history of armies in ancient times.

The great success of Alexander in his expedition through Asia is attributed in part to the fine organization and drill of the army by his father, Philip, who in turn was a pupil of Epaminondas. The latter was apparently the inventor of the first material change in tactics in introducing a movement similar to the flying wedge, which was popular in football some years ago. The utilization of this idea in his battles was a great feature in Alexander's victories. In the same way the successes of Hannibal against the Romans were apparently due to the much higher skill and training of his officers and men, under the direction of his consummate generalship. Organization and drill alone, however, are not sufficient, as was shown in a most remarkable way in Napoleon's campaigns. Leaving aside for the moment the marvellous military genius of Napoleon and the great ability of some of his chief lieutenants, the fact remains that prior to the Revolution none of them had had any experience in battles on a large scale and they were often pitted against veteran commanders of many years' experience. They had troops who were comparatively raw, and the enemy in many cases had troops who were veterans. There must be some reason for the immensely greater efficiency which was developed, and it seems, on even moderate analysis, to rest upon a basis of rewards of some kind. In the early days—those of Alexander

and Hannibal—it was expected that the victorious army, besides receiving its usual pay, would find itself with loot. We may not regard a spirit thus satisfied as of a very high grade; but for the time the incentive was thoroughly adequate. Hannibal's soldiers were all mercenaries and had no patriotic impulses to influence them in the slightest degree, while the Romans were fighting for their country. Something of the same sort was true of Alexander's men, as we know that it was customary among the Greek soldiers to hire out their services. In the case of Napoleon's armies, there can be no doubt whatever that the splendid rewards which he held out for splendid services were calculated to bring out the very best work of which each man was capable. It was commonly said that every soldier carried a marshal's baton in his knapsack, and we know that a majority of his marshals actually rose from the ranks.

The very difference in quality between the men who are usually obtained for soldiers in peace and those who enter the service during a war emphasizes this point. In times of peace there is ordinarily little chance for an enlisted man to get much advancement. In war, for a bold and brave man there are splendid opportunities; and the history of the American Civil War, with the large number of men who entered as privates and afterwards became officers of the regular army, shows the much greater opportunity. An actual count of a recent Army Register showed sixty general officers (two lieutenant-generals) who had risen from the ranks and whose names were on the list. We can see all these things very clearly now when we look back and study them, but in times of general indifference or stagnation this basic principle seems to be entirely ignored.

In the early days of hand-workmanship, men were either their own

masters or, at least, worked in small groups where they were thoroughly under the master's eye, so that questions of organization did not enter. The advent of the steam engine, and following it the growth of the factory system, changed the problem of craftsmanship almost completely and in a way to make the questions of organization and discipline somewhat analogous to those obtaining in military organizations. When the factories were still small and the masters could be personally acquainted with every man, so that there was a personal touch, there was still something of pride on the part of all decent workmen in rendering an adequate return for the wage received; but with the development into the huge establishments of recent years this personal touch has been entirely lost, and it is an undoubted fact that there has been a tendency on the part of the men to render less than an adequate return for their wage.

Two methods are always open in handling large bodies of men—by leading or by driving. With work that requires no particular skill and mere brute strength, the method of driving may succeed moderately; this was the method in both ancient and modern times of handling slaves. Where the skill of the workmen is involved, however, driving is practically out of the question. Something can be accomplished, but there is almost sure to be a reduction in quality of product. We then come to exactly what was found two thousand years ago in the military organizations—that to get zealous and efficient work, an adequate reward must be offered.

It can hardly be asserted with confidence that in industrial lines the perfect system of reward has yet been discovered—that is, one which, while perfectly just in theory to master and man, is accepted cheerfully by both. Piece work seemed very promising (and it certainly is

just) but in one way it did even more than was expected. It proved almost always that the men had produced so much less than was easily possible that the masters would have been more than human if they had not cut the piece-work rate, and, of course, the result was strikes and other troubles. Then came the premium system, which seemed to be entirely fair to both masters and men; but the labor organizations are against this because they claim that it leads men to produce too much, thereby throwing many out of employment. Others, like Mr. F. W. Taylor and his followers, have shown very admirably how a proper bonus system would produce the proper results, although this would doubtless be opposed by the labor agitators. There can be no doubt whatever that all of these systems have shown very thoroughly that they do offer an adequate reward to men who are willing to be fair, and that, as a result, the efficiency of work and of the plants is enormously increased. It will, of course, be understood that it is assumed that the other essentials of success—proper organization, modern labor-saving methods, etc., are to go along with the factor specially affecting the personnel—but I believe that the human factor is vastly the more important.

It has seemed to me that in many

of the schemes which are put forward for increased efficiency there is too great a tendency to assume that the human beings who have to carry them out are machines. This mistake is akin to that which is so often made where it is believed that an evil can be cured by simply passing a law against it, forgetting that public opinion must be back of the law.

In these days, some branches of business, notably advertising and selling, are showing a firm belief in the truth of Pope's saying "The proper study of mankind is man," with splendid results. They aim to show a man that it is to his interest to buy. What we have to do in production is to show the men that it is to their interest to produce with the highest efficiency. The most practical way to do this—is it not indeed the only way?—is to provide an adequate reward. The rare men who are sure to rise to higher positions are naturally satisfied with this as their reward; but the vast majority cannot hope to rise higher than skilled artificers. These men have exactly the same human nature as the executives of the establishment, and what causes the executives to be efficient will certainly have the same effect upon the workmen—and this is adequate reward for the highest efficiency.

Sand

Success Magazine

Large numbers of people have brilliant qualities; they know a great deal, are well educated, but they lack sand, staying power. They can't stand by a proposition and see it through thick and thin to the end. They lack that bulldog grit which hangs on until they triumph or die. They lack the clinging ability that never lets go, no matter what comes. They work well when things go smoothly; they are fair-weather sailors, but are terrified in storm, paralyzed in an emergency. Staying power is the final test of ability.

Hugh Chalmers of Detroit

By H. W. FORD
In the *Business Philosopher*

PERHAPS you have heard of Hugh Chalmers.

He is the man who received \$72,000 a year when working for John H. Patterson, president of the National Cash Register Company.

Of course, Chalmers was pathetically underpaid, but even so, \$72,000 a year is a very exceptional salary, and a man who can command it, and earn it, as Chalmers did, deserves unusual attention, especially when that man is only 32 years old.

Chalmers was 32 when, as vice-president of the National Cash Register Company and general manager of its world-wide business, he received this annual fortune. He is a little older than that now.

Also, he is a bigger man now. Chalmers grows. When he decided that it was not longer worth \$72,000 a year to try to work at the National he went into the automobile business for himself. He bought an interest in the E. R. Thomas-Detroit Company and became its president. The name was then changed to the Chalmers-Detroit Company.

He has been doing things in the automobile business. If you don't believe it, ask any automobile man.

Chalmers discovered that a million-dollar car could be built and sold for \$1,500. The announcement of this discovery caused a good deal of an upheaval in the automobile world. Also, this announcement struck a responsive point of contact in the public mind and many kind thoughts were sent in Chalmers' direction for thou-

sands of people who had long been wanting a millionaire's car for about \$1,500. If you doubt this, just drop a line to the Chalmers-Detroit factory and ask how many replies they got from the first advertisement about the astounding car.

Chalmers is truly a great salesman. He got his first big start by selling cash registers. When he entered the automobile business he saw that conditions were changing rapidly in that industry; that where heretofore automobiles had been bought, hereafter they would have to be sold. He figured out that with the right kind of a selling organization he could market his cars in great quantities, and hence afford to take a small profit on each car. Because of this policy it won't be long before nearly everyone can afford to own an automobile.

Chalmers is the hero of the original real millionaire story. He was worth a million dollars at 30, and he had made it all himself, beginning as a very poor boy.

I do not know that Chalmers had \$1,000,000 worth of real property at that time, or that he has that much yet, but, nevertheless, he was a real millionaire. He capitalized himself for \$1,000,000, and he then loaned the capital to the National Cash Register Company for \$500,000 a year, which is the interest at 5 per cent. on \$1,000,000. And this isn't a very high rate of interest; most millionaires get more than this on their capital.

Did you ever figure out how much you are worth—how much capital

your efficiency represented? What salary do you earn? Is the income on what amount, at 5 or 6 per cent? This amount represents the capital that you have tied up in your body, your brain and your soul.

Chalmers had a million dollars tied up in himself, and he collected the interest at regular intervals. Note also, that either the capital increased or the rate of interest was raised, because, as mentioned above, he was later getting \$72,000 a year, an increase of \$22,000 over \$50,000.

Most people could manage to live fairly well on the \$22,000 increase.

Chalmers was a trained man. By constant thought, continual study, and unflinching industry, he made himself worth what he is. Talk of efficiency! Chalmers is efficiency personified.

You will be interested in the main facts of Chalmers' struggle to business success.

He had the first essential to a great career; he began in the business world as an office boy at about \$2 a week. This was in the Dayton sales office of the National Cash Register Company. He worked days at sweeping out the office, running messages, and doing all the other duties that an office boy is supposed to do, but seldom does. At night he attended a business school, where he learned stenography and bookkeeping.

At fourteen, while working as stenographer and bookkeeper in this same office, he made his first sale of a cash register. The barrier was up. Nobody rang the recall bell and he went right on.

At eighteen he was an office salesman; at twenty a sales agent with an exclusive territory; four years later he was district manager for Ohio with twenty-four sales agents and salesmen under him; at twenty-five he was called into the factory to be assistant manager of agencies; at twenty-six he was manager of agencies; then assistant general manager; then general manager and vice-president, at twenty-nine.

It was a big job that this youngster

assumed, but he had been steadily laying up his resources against this crucial test, and when the test came he had sufficient capital on which to do business.

There was a plant with 5,000 employees to manage, a selling force in America of 475 men to direct, branch companies in foreign countries to organize and oversee, competition to meet and subdue at home and abroad. But Chalmers took to increased responsibility as a duck takes to water. With unerring judgment of men, he built up around him an organization of young, enthusiastic, forceful lieutenants. He inspired them with loyalty. He made his personality an asset of the business.

Conventions and extensive traveling acquainted him with every man in the selling force. And every man considered Chalmers his personal friend. His wonderful memory made it possible for him to know every name and every face. Not only that, but by constant study of the daily sales report he trained himself to know each day just how much business each man had done, and, in meeting one of them could give just the right word of congratulation, encouragement or "ginger."

Was it a convention of salesmen tired after a season's work, perhaps a bit discouraged? Hugh Chalmers' words of appreciation, advice and encouragement, drawn from his own experience and his wider view of the field, would send them back to their territories eager for work and confident of success—a state of mind sure to result in bigger sales. Was it a delegation of workmen with a grievance or a mass-meeting of employees on the verge of a strike? It was Chalmers who justified the company's position, showed that the interests of management and employees were one, appealed to the men's loyalty and sent them away satisfied. Whenever Chalmers spoke to a meeting, large or small, his hearers went back to their work with more snap and vim than

they had before. His words were worth dollars in increased efficiency.

"I believe in treating men as human beings," says Mr. Chalmers. "When I talk to people individually or collectively I appeal not merely to their heads, but to their hearts. Persuade a man merely by cold logic and, though he admits the correctness of your claims, he is not 'sold'—not convinced. Arguments that tell are the ones that reach the heart."

If the essence of successful salesmanship is persuasion, then it is easy for one who knows Hugh Chalmers to understand why he should have been one of the most successful salesmen the National Cash Register Company ever had.

Chalmers would have made a great jury lawyer. The resourcefulness of the salesman in advancing arguments and meeting objections has developed in him to a wonderful reasoning power and persuasiveness. When Hugh Chalmers talks to you, you are convinced that what he says is right, always has been and always will be. This convincingsness is one of the strongest assets in Chalmers' inventory of success-bringing qualities. He has a personality that inspires confidence.

He believes in employing good men and paying them well for what they do. He has always stood for high commissions to agents. "The man in the field," he would say, "is the man who keeps the factory going. Let us pay him all we can. He can't make money for himself without making money for us."

Chalmers wants his men not only to make money, but to save it. He comes of Scotch ancestry and Scottish thrift is one of his characteristics. "Save your money," has been the banner of many talks to his salesmen.

When he was a salesman himself he had an original method of making himself work hard and save money. He made it a rule that he must earn enough by the 15th of each month to pay his traveling and office expenses.

"Everything over and above expenses," says he, "was profit. So I worked and saved in the first part of the month to get my expenses paid and begin to earn profits. And I worked hard at the end of the month, to put all the commissions I could into the profit column, instead of into next month's expense column."

Once upon a time on a train bound for New York, Hugh Chalmers gave a fellow manufacturer the business man's counterclaim: "How's business?" It was during a period of depression.

"Only fair," answered the other; "times are pretty hard. But I've done a good piece of work in the last six months. I've spent my time in the shop and succeeded in cutting down the cost of our product 25 cents."

"But how about your sales?"

"They've fallen off about 30 per cent. But it's a bad year. Everybody's business has dropped off. How are things with you?"

"To date," said Mr. Chalmers, "we show an increase of 20 per cent. over the same period last year. We're selling our product at the highest prices we've ever got, and we are behind on our orders. I suppose our manufacturing cost is a little higher than it might be, but while you've been cutting 25 cents off the cost of each article by getting out in the factory, I have kept \$25 on the selling price by anticipating competition and by devoting my attention to the big problem of selling organization and advertisement."

"Which is the most important?"

That is the question with which Hugh Chalmers faces the problems of the business day, and it is his ability to determine "which," and to concentrate all his powers on that one task, that enabled him at 32 to manage a world-wide business and to earn a salary of \$72,000 a year. It is this same ability—to pick out the big problem and to solve it—that has made him, ten months after he entered it, one of the big figures in the automobile world.

Oriented

By W. ALBERT HICKMAN

From the Century Magazine

THIS is a poor story, for it has no plot, and all stories written in America are supposed to have a plot. Nothing else matters. This story has a girl and a man and a chief event. Of these the chief event happened only in the ordinary course of things, and if the girl had not had one straight, white streak in her internal construction, probably it would not have affected her in the proper way, and there would have been no excuse for writing this at all. It may still be a question whether the girl was worthy of the event and so worth our valuable consideration. But whether she was worth it at the time or not—and it seems improbable—she doubtless became so in the end. Under the drilling of love and life many of this sort do when you never would have suspected it. The chief event itself was an artistic performance, and every artistic performance, however mean may be its little type, deserves worth in its appreciators; but as has been said, if she had no worth, without doubt she acquired it, and, also without doubt, in the acquiring process the chief event helped her. So far this seems a bit abstruse.

Her name was Helen McNab. Her father was a Montreal broker. In 1869 he had walked in from a creek seventeen miles up the Ottawa River to take a position as an office boy—this story was written in 1907, which makes a profound difference—

I remember imperfectly a descrip-

tion given me by Winslow Whistman, late of Boston and India.

"Never been in the McNab's drawing room!" he said, with a face full of pity. "Your life is yet to be lived. They got stuffed birds in it, and a stuffed bear, an' a stuffed Injun, an' a full-sized Eskimo kayak. Then they got all sorts of chairs—chairs that belonged to Louis Quatorze, an' Louis Quinze, an' Louis Seize, an' I guess most of the other Louis. Some of their legs turn in, an' some of 'em turn out, an' the tops of 'em are all different; some like squash-pies, with a rim round 'em, an' some like meat-pies, with a lump on 'em; but you can't sit on any of 'em. In one corner it's Patagonia, in another it's the Petit Trignon, an' in another it's Hudson's Bay. Oh, your life is yet to be lived."

Miss McNab was the only daughter and she was pretty; but if you stripped her of the aura that surrounds every pretty girl, she was not attractive. In the ordinary course of things she went away to a boarding school to develop her individuality, and when she came back she had it fully developed. She wore a suit covered with large black and white checks and a very flat sailor hat, and she walked in all respects like an ostrich. Later she had a bored expression, and there was something about her that led you to suspect she had never done enough to deserve it. She had a nasal voice, which she used for pro-

ducing an unfounded libel on an English accent and an assorted collection of English sporting phrases. She had one slash scar on her left cheek from having collided with a tree one night on the Mountain on skis, and of this she was reservedly proud—she had followed fifteen others down the slope, and had come out blimp-stunned at the bottom. She was always well groomed and manicured, her nails were cut to a rounded point, she was usually varnished (this is a way of doing a woman's hair that makes it take on a beautiful regularity of contour that you see in the ripples of the sand of the sea-shore, or the clouds of a mackerel sky), and she was gifted with the taste (which is the proper term for money when applied in this connection) to dress effectively, which she did. Any time she had left over from the operations involved in these peculiarities she used in maintaining her position, and this position was a complicated thing.

In North America there is a small but delicately perfumed army of young ladies who have made it their business to start an airocracy. For certain obscure reasons, including the lack of aristocracy, to fill in with, they have failed; but, instead, they have what is called a plutocracy, which is the same thing from the inside, though from the outside it is quite different. Montreal, like many other cities to the East and West and South, has an ornate nascent plutocracy, and Miss McNab's position at the time of this tale was on the extreme outer edge. The position of these plutocracies is uncertain, as they are maintained entirely by keeping just such young ladies from looking behind the Veil (where, by the way, there is nothing whatever—though that is a secret), and so the plutocracy is usually busy, and the young ladies are busy as well.

Miss McNab was so busy that she

had never had time to see a man. She believed she had danced with them. She unquestionably had decorated boxes at His Majesty's with them when they could afford it, and stalls when they could not. She had received violets from them, and large American Beauty roses. (The former she had worn, and they had wilted; the latter a maid had put in water, and they had wilted—at eighteen dollars a dozen.) She had dined at the Hunt Club with them, and at the Forest and Stream, for there is something about that brusque, sporting manner over the warmth of transparent chiffon that is attractive to the uninitiated. But she had no idea in the world what a man was really like inside. She had her own imperious method of dealing with them, and that was to be all-sufficient for all time. It was her perfect, patent, impervious system, filled with raw oil and finished with three coats of best spar varnish. It was applied to all men alike that moved within her orbit, with variations to fit their prestige. Beyond her orbit there was a vague and unimportant region filled with college professors, mummies, photographers, and mechanical engineers, such as drive the Lusitanian, and such like. Any one of these she would refer to as a man, but with a different tone, and that was the end of him. This was her whole philosophy; quite inconceivable, but approximately so. And yet, still more inconceivable, under all this there was doubtless the stuff to make a woman that could sing songs to her own children, and the Magnificat to herself, and repeat the Apostles' Creed. This is a wonderful world.

Now, the man had recently come to Montreal from England. His father had been a great consulting engineer in Victoria Street, and, like all good consulting engineers, had died at his appointed time. He had been great even above riches, which is very great indeed, so he had been

able to leave his son only a little under 6,000 pounds, a strong engineering tendency, and two or three of the recognized varieties of common sense. Among these was not the one relating to the value of worldly possessions, and in five calendar months Mr. George Porteous Vaughan Morgan—for that was the son's name—had expended 5,384 pounds, 12 shillings, 9 pence, and of such beautiful quality was one sort of common sense he did have—the one that teaches how to deal gracefully with men and women—that with this comparatively small sum of money he made a notable disturbance in the great City of London, and his existence was admitted from the Circus to the foot of the throne. In fact, so great was this disturbance that its echoes have not altogether died away to this day. Afterward, having learned his lesson cheerfully and silently, and with out a touch of melo-drama, he came out to Canada with 600 pounds, and, following his engineering trend, joined himself to a company in Montreal whose business was to sell English automobiles to the Canadian public under the blessed advantages of the Canadian Preferential Tariff. Then of a sudden it seemed that all his reserve common sense came into action at once, and immediately he began to prosper; for he was one of those rare specimens, an utterly adaptable Englishman. He even arose before eight o'clock in the morning.

Early in his Canadian career he collided with Miss Helen McNab at the St. Andrew's Ball. It so happened that no fewer than two of Miss McNab's bondmen had failed. One had been found by a two-years' widow of twenty-six, and the other had found a very charming young lady who belonged to one of the oldest French-Canadian families and who had just returned from eighteen months in Paris; so there was no prospect of either of them coming

back at all. So, partly by accident, which is our crude way of describing the methods of Providence, and partly through his own cheerful initiative, Mr. Vaughan Morgan received three dances. This, for Miss McNab of Montreal, was quite unheard of, and an excellent start.

Being an adaptable Englishman, Mr. Vaughan Morgan did not conceive that a two-step was made out of a mighty, automatic walk, or that a waltz consisted in turning in one direction over a limited area of floor at thirty-six revolutions per minute. On the contrary, he studied his surroundings, took thought, carefully put Miss McNab on her mettle by asking if she was very tired, and finished smiling and warm, with the lady in a more disheveled condition than she had ever been in public in her life. In the midst of her disapproval, she noticed a new, uncatalogued, pleasant, tingling sensation that apparently came out of an uncertain pink haze. But in the face of a life-time of habit, this effect was ephemeral, and in the intervals between the dances she reverted to her normal condition, and languidly told Mr. Vaughan Morgan reserved tales of the doings of the frightfully smart set to which she belonged.

Now, Mr. Vaughan Morgan, having laid out with great intelligence 5,384 pounds 12 shillings 9 pence in finding out what he could about London, was amazed at so much innocence so wickedly put, and, at the end of the third of those dances and interviews, went out into another room and served himself with bad claret lemonade a number of times, chuckling insanely all the while. Still, having come from a land where there are a million and a half surplus women, he was taken with the novelty of the imperious treatment—with apparently so little to warrant it—so two days later, being Sunday, he called. He found Miss McNab in her especial element, surrounded by

a salon, and haughty beyond his most amazed conception; for he also came from the only democratic country in the world, and had seen no other.

Miss McNab's mother held a log-nette under a transformation, and said that the St. Andrew's Ball was becoming frightfully mixed—which is true of all balls—and Miss McNab's brother, though apparently in his own house, conversed with a friend on the opposite end of the same divan, and regarded Mr. Vaughan Morgan as a stranger. This was all he got out of that visit, and when he arose, Mr. McNab, junior, and the friend smiled, and he departed in some wonder, but with unabated interest. But Miss McNab imagined she saw a smile in the back of his eyes, and said a good-by that lacked poise—her first since she was six years old.

Working under the illogical rules that govern these things, Mr. Vaughan Morgan's interest continued to grow, and within three months, in spite of occasional contact, he had formed a most wonderful idea of Miss McNab. Now, the description of this young lady already submitted was dispassionate and, as far as it went, unquestionably correct from a mechanical point of view, which makes Mr. Vaughan Morgan's later view all the more wonderful: put in English words, what he came to see was this:

Her height was the perfect height. (In this case it happened to be 5 feet 6.3-4 inches, less 2-4 inches for sole leather and brass nails.) She was erect and beautifully balanced, and full-figured. She had glorious, indescribable golden-brown hair, with a shimmer that traveled like the shimmer of raw silk; walnut-brown eyes that shone and sparkled and had a way of looking up suddenly under lids that flickered for a second and shut down, leaving the effect of distant, silent summer lightning. (So far these were his

precise words.) Her skin was clear and fair, but with an uncertain flush beneath that carried warmth from her finger tips to the forehead, and at the least provocation blazed in her cheeks till you had to draw a slow breath to stand still. This was the over-whelming impression—flashes and surges of growing color; those eyes; and then such hands! They were not particularly small, but altogether wonderful, well-balanced, soft, delf, and strong, the essence of all capability, adaptable, responding to every foreshadowed need, and accomplishing with all adequacy and finish, and with a touch that was perfectly sure, so that anything they laid dose could never conceivably come undone at all. When she played they flowed—and she neglected Chaminade for Chopin—and when she stopped they glided on their own irresponsible way, and were a source of danger to all mankind. But wonderful above everything else was her mouth: sensitive and mobile until it was heartbreaking to watch it. Every little thought that slipped through her mind, every little trend of a half-formed idea in fun or in earnest, in devilment or in pure play, was heralded there, and the corners slid up and down or quivered for one small second under the flutter of those eyelids until the alluring color came, stormed up, and you could only stand and groan. And then her voice was clear as crystal (bis) and she had a way of turning her words that was frightfully attractive. . . .

So Mr. Vaughan Morgan's conception went, in part; and, besides, into this creation he breathed the breath of life, making her into the flattering likeness of a real woman with all the attributes—prospective, useful motherhood, and the rest—probably not one of which she then actively possessed.

And Miss McNab remained imperious and unsatiable to the point of irritation.

Now for the sacrifice. In every

artistic performance there must be a sacrifice. If you paint a picture that attains to the line at the R. A., it is the canvas, the pigments, and a little boiled linseed oil. If you write a success of the season, it is several blocks of rag paper, half a pint of ink, and a suffering iridescent pen-point. If you play the Second Rhapsody, it is an expensive grade of felt wearing on steel wires. In this case it was an English car called the Brunel, sold in Canada by the company to which Mr. Vaughan Morgan had joined himself. Her makers called her "The Engineer's Car," to distinguish her from the mass of cars that seemed to be dedicated to the public—or the devil. A glimpse into her gear-box, or at the mighty teeth of her driving pinion (which is as important a part of a car as a hairpin is of a woman), or at the mighty hub and gun-carriage spokes of her hind wheels, told you why, and why she was peculiarly fitted to be the sacrifice. And, besides, under her bonnet was an engine-room like the engine-room of an ice-breaker, with a centrifugal pump that might have come from Tangyes, with any spare space filled with a giant magnet; and all notably protected from the wet and gritty world outside. Her builders had laboriously come to the conclusion that an automobile was a dignified private carriage, and had gone forever from red bodies to the darkest of Nile-green; so, aside from a certain massiveness, she was altogether deceptive, and no man would believe that she could rage furiously, for they called her but twenty horse-power. But of horses there are many sorts, and doubtless the horses in England are bigger than the horses in America.

Here begins the introduction of the chief event. One April day, when the ice out of Lake St. Louis was moving down in rafts over the Lachine Rapids, and a Donaldson liner and the Bellona, with fruit

were waiting at Quebec for the breaking of the bridge at Cap Rouge, Mr. Vaughan Morgan took out the twenty Brunel to demonstrate to a man who was preparing a summer home beyond Como.

And here it is necessary to digress for a geographical explanation.

Montreal City is on the island of Montreal, and Montreal Island is in the mouth of the Ottawa, where that woodland river empties itself into the great St. Lawrence, for the Ottawa has a delta like the Nile and the Amazon. If you wish to get off the island of Montreal, you can go in two ways: by something that floats on the water or by a bridge. At this particular time in April there is nothing afloat except ice and driftwood, so you must go by a bridge, and of the bridges there are two kinds, railway and highway. The railway bridges are owned chiefly by corporations and so lead everywhere it is desirable to go; and the highway bridges are owned chiefly by the Government, and so would lead nowhere except by what is called the express will of the people, and the people of North America, unlike the people of England, never express their will, but are governed directly, in as far as it may be necessary, by an over-ruling Providence, who does not build bridges.

It is twenty-three miles by road from the City of Montreal to Ste. Anne de Bellevue, which is at the extreme end of the island of Montreal. Beyond is the flood of the Ottawa, with Isle Perrot, over two miles wide, breasting the current in midstream, and with Vaudeville three miles away on the opposite shore. And Como, where Mr. Vaughan Morgan wished to be, is six miles beyond Vaudeville.

The main lines of those two great corporations, the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Grand Trunk Railway, run out to Ste. Anne, and, by high bridges resting on ponderous, ice-cutting piers, cross over to Isle

Perrot. Across that elm-clad island, side by side, they strike a broad, straight, stately roadway, until, by other bridges with ponderous piers, they cross over from Isle Perrot to Vaudreuil, and go on their way into the West.

On the other hand, the highway, which is the property of the Government, comes out speciously by Lacine and through lakeside villages to Ste. Anne; and then, instead of proclaiming its inadequacy by turning down into the river and ceasing, swings nobly round the end of the island and returns to Montreal—as is proper,—through the woods.

That is to say if you have attained to Ste. Anne by road, and wish to reach Vaudreuil—which is beyond the Ottawa, three miles away, you may go by little bridges over little rivers and so round by the City of Ottawa, two hundred and fifty miles, or you may go back twenty-three miles to Montreal, cross the River St. Lawrence by the Victoria bridge, travel many leagues upstream, cross the River St. Lawrence again at Valleyfield, P.Q., and travel eastward again many leagues to Vaudreuil, which is the shorter. Or, to put it in all its nakedness, from Montreal, the greatest city in Canada, you cannot directly by road reach the mainland of Western Quebec and Ontario, the most populous section of Canada, at all. This of course is an outrage, and if the island of Montreal were inhabited by the English as such, would be expressed as an outrage day and night without ceasing until the Governments involved, helpless against inopportunity, like all Governments, and for the sake of blessed peace, which is the ultimate aim and object of all Governments, would signal their weariness, and immediately there would arise the sound of hammering on metal and the voice of the pneumatic riveter on girders at St. Anne.

All these great and seemingly irrelevant matters bear directly on

Mr. Vaughan Morgan, for they show why, to reach Comto, which is beyond Vaudreuil, he had to load the twenty Brunel on a flat-car, from which she was precariously navigated down three-inch planks at Comto Station.

And here, to justify Mr. Vaughan Morgan's intelligence, it may be said that he had no conception what an Ottawa Valley road might be in the spring, but having alighted in four inches of snow water, he went forward in faith and demonstrated. He demonstrated through wasted, sooty snow-banks that melted without ceasing under a summer-blue sky. He demonstrated on a water-swept tundra where runnels poured over an ice-edge into a lake that in summer was a hay meadow. He demonstrated over a half-frozen plowed field, preferring it to a four-horse-power stream which the owner assured him at other seasons was the drive, and he finished by taking his victim for what he called a spin on the main road. The spin consisted in leaping from mud-holes to muddy snow-banks, and swooping from snow-banks into mud-holes, and resembled nothing so much as navigating the Bay of Fundy in a high sea in an open boat.

"It is a bit sloppy-you-know—isn't it?" he said, with one eye overlaid with mud, and he went on talking reasonably between gulps as the patient springs jolted their liveries. In the end he careered away joyfully toward the station by himself, with one bent mud-guard and an order for one \$3,500 car in his inmost pocket.

For that night the twenty Brunel was to have stayed in a shed, and he was to have gone into town on the 6.13. But the demonstration had been long, and the 6.13 was on time, and passed down, unflagged, toward Vaudreuil when he was still a quarter of a mile across the plain.

"Marionel!" Mr. Vaughan Morgan commented, and plowed ahead

to interview the agent. The agent was already being interviewed. There were two young ladies and one young gentleman, and they appeared to have reached the station platform only the moment before. In any case, they paid no attention to the arrival of anything so trivial as a motor. One young lady was addressing the agent personally.

"You stupid fool, didn't you know we were coming, whether you could see us or not? Did you think we should to stay out here all night—alone?" with a side-swept glance at the young gentleman. It was the voice of Miss Helen McNab, in heat. The agent was French-Canadian, brief in temper, and not fully trained in deference. His reply was full of words. On the first count he tried to make plain that he was not a mind-reader. On the second, he pointed out that he had no method of judging.

"I don't know, me?" he said, waving his arms in the air. "You tell you don't come in time for 'y' train—I s'pose so." And he departed to the station, leaving Miss McNab white with wrath. (The McNabs had a house at Comto, and the gods that desire excitement had arranged that Miss McNab should choose this day in April to visit it for the purpose of suggesting improvements. She had brought with her a suite, Miss Yvonne Dacoste, because she was one step nearer the Veil, and very haughty, and Mr. Gerald Brian Glover, who had a thin and fair mustache, and was what she called a "nice boy.") Then, the mud storm having subsided, she saw the twenty Brunel and Mr. Vaughan Morgan. For one inexplicable second she was abashed: after which she had an inspiration. She consulted with the other two. "Watch me work this Englishman!" was the substance of it, though it was more beautifully put.

"How do you do?" she opened, and advanced towards the edge of the

platform. Mr. Vaughan Morgan shuddered, and bowed through his crust.

"Beastly walking, isn't it?" he said.

"Frightful," said Miss McNab, and properly introduced Miss Dacoste and Mr. Glover. "We've lost our last train, and I must be in town at a quarter to eight. Won't you go and ask that man if there's no other train—anywhere?—He's been horridly rude." There was somewhat implied, but to that phase Mr. Vaughan Morgan seemed dead and blind.

"Must?" he said, with the painful literalness of a man, and took on a serious expression. She did not explain that it was bridge at Lady Sanderson's—her first—and, after all, that was very important. Her impervious system drove her ahead, full into the bosom of the anguished future.

"Yes, must!" This tone was her final. Mr. Vaughan Morgan said, "Oh!" with a face full of consideration and a mind full of thoughts, and in a moment dropped over the unopened door into the mud and was in the station-house. In half a minute he returned, visibly anxious. There was a Grand Trunk train from Vaudreuil at 7.30.

"Arrives?"

"Bonnaventure at five minutes to eight."

"That is much too late," she said regally, smoothing the wrinkles out of long tan gloves, while Mr. Glover pulled his mustache.

"—Or we might get a special at Vaudreuil. I can take you down in the cab—if you don't mind the roads and the mud." Miss McNab held rigidly to her part. She did not mind anything. Mr. Vaughan Morgan absently eyed Mr. Glover's expatience of vicuna and satin and Miss Dacoste's hand-cranked, over-fathered hat (we shall remember the spring of 1907), and his smile almost broke out. But his face remained the face of one who realizes

that something must be done immediately.

"I'm quite sure we shall manage it in some way, if we go at once," he said, cheerily, leaning toward the sacrifice. Would Miss McNab like to ride in front?

She would.

He advanced on the crank, preoccupied as a man thinking out things far ahead, while Miss Dacoste and Mr. Glover daintily climbed into the tonneau, with the manner of people who have certain misgivings, and seated themselves on luxurious cushions spattered with half-dry mud. Mr. Vaughan Morgan heaved, and a deep-seated tremor ran through the twenty Brunel. He moved to one side, and half the Nile-green roof over the forward mysteries rose up and balanced itself in the air. For a dozen seconds Miss McNab watched his hand wandering amid complications—scarlet cylinders, glaring brass piping—and a whirling aluminum fan, which she gazed at incuriously, not being a mechanic, after which the bonnet closed with a clang. The lady did notice that it was unlike the tummy snap of certain bonnets she had seen, but this was her only impression of unusual strength. This impression immediately gave place to another more interesting. She painted a beautiful picture of Mr. Vaughan Morgan burning a special at Vaudreuil, and taking her to instate, and she would note that he did it.

This last impression was not accurate. Mr. Vaughan Morgan had also a plan: which did not coincide in the least. How he thought it might forward his interests, or why he thought of it at all, I am sure I could never guess. Probably it was one of those first-flush impulses that have created that Outer-Empire tinkle, Maj. Englishman. Miss McNab's "must" had made it possible. He knew part of Miss McNab, and he knew how to foster that "must" until it became a fetish. If she ever

gave in, his excuse would be gone. But, then, with a little urging, she would never give in till the trumpet blew and the earth dissolved away from beneath her feet.

In the meantime he slid into the driver's seat, pressed his foot on a pedal, and moved two levers that clicked. A hum rose up from somewhere, and Miss McNab felt herself being pushed back deep into the cushions. Then the hum ceased, and there was no sound but the hiss of snow water driven out in two clean sheets under the bows. The twenty Brunel, in a hundred-foot lake, was silently under way.

"Top speed," said Mr. Vaughan Morgan irrelevantly, with the appreciation of an enthusiast.

"It does not seem very fast," Miss McNab commented, with a voice like an echo from a glacier.

"I should have said, 'Direct drive,'"

Miss McNab said, "Ah!" not knowing in the least what he meant.

"Don't believe you have to be home by a quarter to eight at all," he continued, in great absence of mind, still dealing thoughtfully with levers. "What is it for?"

"That is my own particular business," but it is really important."

"Really?" said Mr. Vaughan Morgan, and this time a little child could see that he was impressed. He was a beautiful actor, and that expression of great anxiety came back. Miss McNab was satisfied. The first result took place at once. They had climbed from the lake into pure mud that played in two smooth fountains alongside, and they had arrived at the turn to the main road. On every car there is a little innocent-looking pedal that is called the accelerator. It has an unseen connection with the throttle, and is more potent than all the pedals of a cathedral organ put together. Turning into the main road, Mr. Vaughan Morgan rested his foot on this pedal ever so lightly, and smiled a grim smile in the

back of his eyes. (This sort of smile does not show outside.) The twenty Brunel accelerated, and Mr. Gerald Brian Glover, in the tonneau, sat in Miss Yvonne Dacoste's lap. Miss McNab grasped Mr. Vaughan Morgan's left arm with a grip like the grip of a drowning man, and then let go as if it were red-hot iron. Mr. Vaughan Morgan, snorting, ostentatiously fought with the steering-wheel, and, when the trouble had subsided, busied himself in apologizing lavishly to the tonneau. Mr. Glover was forcing the crown of his hat into shape, and Miss Dacoste looked ruffled.

"So sorry," he said; "but we skidded a little. This mud is awfully treacherous, you know." Mr. Glover had been laying himself out not to say the unclean things that were in his mind, so his reply was at random and barely polite. Miss Dacoste vented a few crisp sentences of high-strung words and ferociously repinned her hat, and Miss McNab sat as rigid as Cleopatra's Needle. With her crew in this order, because, in his apology, Mr. Vaughan Morgan had disregarded the road ahead, the twenty Brunel rose up on the edge of an unwarmed hollow with sides like a pit, pitched forward, heaving the suffering tonneau skyward, coasted on heated brakes over water-washed gravel into troubled water, rode for a second, dory-like, in foam, trod down a half-floating pole bridge, where her axles came up and smote her frame with blows like the blows of a sledge, and plowed out and upward on naked rock, with Mr. Vaughan Morgan transformed in the flash of an eye, laughing the joyful laugh of the English, that, in the midst of a great event, counts not the cost of anything, though life itself may depart in the next breath. It was all part of the Vaudreuil road, though in bad condition.

"There's one more river," he sang softly, wiping the water from his

eyes, and leaning forward to his work, "An' that's the river of Jordan." This quotation had a deep and hidden significance, but he went on at once, "I say, didn't she take that beautifully?"

"She really did," said Miss McNab. It sounded more normal than anything he had ever heard her say, and he managed to look once without being seen. She was holding the edge of the seat and the rim of her hat, and the color was blazing in her cheeks. From the tonneau arose a heated silence. They had seen water drifting back there in great clouds, and they forebore to look.

Then the twenty Brunel settled down to perform marvels, for the best of modern motor-cars is a miracle on wheels. No other piece of complicated machinery—saving only perhaps the human mind—has to live through such outrageous shocks.

Mr. Vaughan Morgan was a good driver—they also are born—and that day he drove with all his judgment, or as much judgment as he could use and get the Brunel's best speed under these terrible conditions. There was only one thing that might happen: the Brunel might burst—collapse—disintegrate—and settle back softly into a scrap heap—or an impalpable powder—but if she did, in his opinion it was worth the cost. If she did not, he would end one day with satisfaction.

Sometimes her starboard tires traveled on an uneven ridge of sandy snow, and her port tires plowed in the worn sleigh-track and removed the water therefrom into the next field, and sometimes it occurred to her to change sides, and then, immediately afterward, to change back, and she alternated with great rapidity so that she rolled like a torpedo-boat in a beam sea and terribly disarranged the passengers in her tonneau. Again, on a side hill, where the down-hill side of the road had melted first, her lower wheels ran in mud and her upper on ice, and she

cruled the hill with a list so heavy that you could hear the tonneau gasp, clinging desperately to the windward rail. Sometimes, on the level, she struck the remnants of the winter's pitches, with every ridge still frozen and as even as waves of the sea, and she rocked and bucked like an unhampered broncho until the floor of the tonneau, under its carpet, rose up and dropped back at every pitch with a clack like a slapstick, and the passengers and their cushions were lifted five clear inches above the seat, and came down all braced for the next jump. There is nothing in the world more disconcerting to real dignity than just this sort of thing without any time allowed for rearranging oneself between jumps. It recalls a baby with a pain being slaundered on an uncomplacant knee. The effect is emulative, and Miss Dacoste's New York hat, which was not fitted for motoring, pulled apart, her brilliant-tricolored hair and hung itself over her left ear. Mr. Glover bounced like a snubly ping-pong ball, and Miss McNab, still holding the edge of the seat and the rim of her hat braced both feet against the sloping foot-board and labored with her expression.

Mr. Vaughan Morgan appeared to see none of these things, but stared at the ominous pathway ahead. At times it was glare ice, at other times it was gravel-thick mud, and in one hollow it was a duck-pond, with ducks and everything complete. There is a theory that neither the Cochon duck nor the domestic Mallard can fly. They flew that day—all but one. Whether he could fly, it is really cared to, will now never be known.

The twenty Brunel dazzled her moments and became a dream. Between endless snake-fences, dancing across through trees, she climbed slopes that opened up on the left the broad brown Ottawa in the afternoon sun, ever widening down into the

Lake of Two Mountains, and on the farther side of these slopes she descended recklessly, dizzily chattering her lungs, and joyously pounding her tool-box up and down in its locker, until it sounded as if her vitals would certainly fly out on the road. She advanced on small farm-houses close by the roadside, and from large French-Canadian families into mouth groups of stannary, until the horse collected himself and tried to back up the front of the horn, and then all was activity in her settling wake. In pure faith she rounded abruptly into unseen stretches of road, and once was cursed wonderfully by an agent for sewing machines with a matched team of boys, which were stopped only by having to fight a five-barred gate. Sometimes she traveled straight and sometimes she sidled like a shy horse under the saddle, but always in a rain of flying water or mud or worn-out snow. At all times she rocked and slid frightfully, and in certain brief moments she proceeded on two wheels. She dodged up country chickens, and she raced up country dogs, one of which miscalculated and flew for a space like the Cochon ducks—but with the aid of the mud-guard. Twice her driver misinterpreted the whole appearance of things ahead, and led her aside over squally sprang turf, through which she sucked her way until at last she rolled, mud-bathed, into Vandrem, where she was the wonder of the inhabitants, and up to the station. Her passengers had passed from fear and disgust into amazement, and finally into apathy. The populace could see that it was something desperate, and exhibited no lech, though Mr. Glover's features were lost to the eye. Miss Dacoste was transfigured and Miss McNab sat with tight lips. Mr. Vaughan Morgan held the situation by the throat.

"Sit still for one moment," he begged, and fled in the direction of

the station-agent, to whom he talked aggressively for a few seconds. No one knows what he said. He came back running, but was stopped and drawn aside by a bystander from Isle Cadieux.

"De lady's seek?" he inquired, indicating Miss Dacoste, who had partly swathed herself in a gritty rug.

"Yes," whispered Mr. Vaughan Morgan, confidently: "very," and mounted the step.

"Just as I thought," he said politely—"no special possible." And before he was fully settled in his seat, the twenty Brunel had gathered way. He swung her round the corner of the station, humored her softly over eighty-pound rails, and turned her down the main line, in bound, of the Grand Trunk Railway! A yell arose from far behind. He paid no attention. Three times he slowed to climb over switch-points, then opened up, and the twenty Brunel fled down the line, thudding over sleepers toward the great bridges and the mighty Ottawa itself. Steering lightly with one hand, he found his watch and looked.

"Now we shan't be long," he said, addressing Miss McNab's round countenance. All his anxiety had passed, and he was visibly appreciating the last of the red-gold sunshine and the soft, spring evening air. What Miss McNab might have replied is not known, for Mr. Glover burst through his mud-caked silence.

"What are you going to do? Where are you going?"

"Home," said Mr. Vaughan Morgan, looking at Miss McNab.

Miss McNab flushed. Into the heart of Miss Dacoste came a great fear, which she strove to conceal in a lady-like manner.

"Surely—the man—is not going to take us across the railway bridges!" she exploded.

"Miss McNab must be home at a

quarter to eight," said Mr. Vaughan Morgan, softly. A good driver does not turn his head. Miss McNab sat as undrawn as the London "Times," and ahead there rose up a subdued and suggestive roar. It was the terrible sound of a six-hundred-mile river in flood. Miss Dacoste, in the trembling tonneau, covered her face with her hands, and Mr. Vaughan Morgan drove—like an engineer.

On the edge of the thunder stood a gang of incapacitated section men and a red shanty containing a gasoline engine and a three-bucket pump that sipped a little of the Ottawa's water for the passing locomotives. Long afterward Miss McNab admitted that she would have been willing to live in that shanty for a very long time had she been allowed to stay ashore. But she gave no sign, and in the next breath the twenty Brunel was running in mid-air over open ties.

Ahead the way stretched clear enough, but that was a little thing. To the left, a few yards up-stream, hung the great massive bridge of the Canadian Pacific Railway, breaking the oncoming flood, with every sharpened pier carrying a bow wave like a battle-ship, and singing its own song in overwhelming roar. Between came down the waters, golden-brown and overlaid with foam, to break again in thunder on the piers that held up the twenty Brunel. Between the ties they could see the torrent pouring through far beneath, bearing an occasional log from some lost bridge on the Gatineau. On each side was the raw edge—bare tie-ends, no guard-rail: nothing. Miss McNab thought of the car's steering gear, which might be mutable, like all things human. She stared down at the water, which was unwise. For one little instant she went dizzy and sick. The Ottawa stood still. The Grand Trunk bridge and the twenty Brunel, moving corner-wise, started up-stream, furiously chasing the

tails of the stone piers of the Canadian Pacific bridge, that swiftened ahead like the sterns of battle-ships abreast, until she closed her eyes. (Mr. Vaughan Morgan, unseeing, saw this also.) When she opened them again, it was to keep them up, as one who would successfully waltz on skates. Ahead ranged the bare, wind-swept clims on Isle Perrot. To the right were more bare clims and swamp ashes, doubtless attached to summer islands, but now bending like twigs in the midst of the brown flood. Later she remembered to the left, three hundred yards above, one small island, with a bare, white house, sheltered by nine pines and flanked by water whipped scrub, and remembered praying she were there; until of a sudden she found herself on Isle Perrot with the twenty Brunel heading down that four-tracked avenue through the woods, and Mr. Vaughan Morgan talking freely about the beauties of the country in spring, while the Canadian Pacific embankment rose ever higher on the left.

Mr. Gerald Brain Glover, feeling the exigencies of the situation, sat up to say that the trip across the bridge was "magnificent," with which everybody undertook to agree, until the Ottawa's other branch hove in sight through the trees, with bridges still higher and boiling white rapids below, and a great silence settled down once more. On this passage, high in the air, over the precise centre of the rapids, they met an astonished way freight, and her thunder blended with the roar from below, and the wind of her passing brought tears to their eyes till they bowed down their heads for relief. So with bowed heads they whirled into the still more astonished station at Ste. Anne, and without so much as glancing aside, Mr. Vaughan Morgan jerked the twenty Brunel out into the carriage drive, and so into the king's highway

along which she lurched at high speed once more, spattering mud anew.

The details of that flight eastward down the island of Montreal, in the golden light after sunset, through lakeside villages and past disregarded and incensed toll-gates, are all most ordinary details. There was no such navigation as on the Vaudreuil-Como road. The only marvelous thing was Miss McNab's conversation; and for her it was marvelous beyond all marvels. It was jerky and telegraphic and without great poise, and sometimes it was bitten in two because of an excess of enthusiasm on the part of the twenty Brunel over some bump. But through the agency of Mr. Vaughan Morgan and the twenty Brunel, in some way I do not understand, the golden light that overcast the melting snow, and the great spring floods, from road runnels to boiling rivers, had reached in to her soul, and she talked; and Mr. Vaughan Morgan was electrified. She paid no attention to the people in the tonneau. In any case they could not hear. It was all very ordinary, because it had all been said so many times before—though anything that was ordinary was most extraordinary coming from Miss McNab—so none of it is worth repeating. It was all about ideals, and what a man lives for, and what a woman is hunting for all the time. And the girl's color was so gorgeous, and it was all so wonderful that at Lachine Mr. Vaughan Morgan took the lower road for no other reason than to back that suffering car through those disgraceful streets of lower St. Henri, and to dodge among the Amherst trams and the traffic of Notre Dame. The twenty Brunel lifted them as lightly as a gust of summer wind up into Sherbrooke Street with time to spare and she left Miss Dacoste and Mr. Glover at their doors, through which they disappeared, running. Their clothes

were ruined and, for the time being, they were not friends with anybody; but the trip had been awfully good for their appetites.

Now here is where the blessed illogical part of the whole business comes in. As was said at first, this is a poor story, for it has no plot. The gentleman simply took the lady for a ride in a motor-car. But in front of her own house Miss McNab said, "You dear, dear boy!" for Mr. Vaughan Morgan had also been talking. "And, however you accomplish it, don't ever let father find out

we crossed those bridges. Go down to every newspaper now and stop it however you like, but stop it; and then change and come back and talk to me. I'm not going to Lady Sanderson's to-night."

Forty minutes later, Mr. Vaughan Morgan, pale with hunger, handed the twenty Brunel in at the garage.

"I say, Heckley," he said, "you might wash her down a bit, will you?" In thirty-five minutes more, freshly clothed and newly fed, he was climbing upper Peel Street on foot.

Forget the Disagreeable

Success Magazine

Some people are so unfortunately constituted that they do not seem able to remember pleasant, agreeable things. When you meet them or call on them, they always have some sad story to tell; some unfortunate thing has happened to them or is surely going to happen. They tell you about the accidents, the narrow escapes, the losses, the afflictions, the misfortunes they have had. The bright days, the pleasant days, the happy experiences, they seldom mention; they drop out of their memory. They recall only the disagreeable, the ugly, the discordant, and the crooked things.

The rainy days make such an impression upon their minds that they seem to think it rains about all the time.

There are others who are just the reverse. They are always talking of the pleasant things, the good times, the agreeable experiences of their lives. I know some of these people who have had all sorts of misfortunes, losses, sorrows, and yet they so seldom speak of them, or refer to them, that you would think they never had anything in their lives but good fortune, that they never had any enemies, and that everybody had been kind to them. These are the people who attract us, the people we love.

The habit of turning one's sunny side toward others is formed by the practise of holding charitable, loving, cheerful thoughts perpetually in the mind. The gloomy, sarcastic, mean character is formed by harboring hard, uncharitable, unkind thoughts until the brain becomes so set toward the dark, that the life can only radiate gloom.



The
Book of the Month
Life of Sir Isaac Pitman *

THE age in which we live owes much to many inventions and discoveries, but it is doubtful if the business and educational world is indebted to any science more than to phonography, or shorthand as we call it in this busy, bustling day. There are many systems extant, but that of Sir Isaac Pitman is the most widely used throughout the English-speaking centres. The inventor who was also a life-long advocate of spelling reform, gave to the world a system as extensively known and employed as the language in which it is written.

Isaac Pitman was an inventor who conferred a great benefit on his country. His life story has been often told, but not until the present has it appeared in complete form and the

work known as "The Life of Sir Isaac Pitman," which has just been issued, is a bright, interesting and complete record of his career, that will prove helpful and inspiring, not only to those who love to study the achievements of the great but also to the army of shorthand writers through out the civilized globe.



Sir Isaac Pitman

Isaac Pitman was born at Trowbridge, Wiltshire, Eng., January 4th, 1813, and died January 22nd, 1897. His father, Samuel Pitman, was a cultured and deeply religious man, who for a score of years was overseer in a cloth factory at Trowbridge. His school days ended early, the polluted air of the crowded room forcing the lad to leave as he had frequent fainting fits. He entered the counting house office of a cloth manufacturer, but studied in the evenings at home. He had to learn his own pronunciation of words and carefully read through Walker's dictionary. Some time after he said: "With that instructive love of knowledge common to boys I began to study shorthand. I saw that it would be a great advantage to write

six times as fast as I had been accustomed to, and I borrowed a book, read it through, copied the alphabet and arbitrary words, and have written shorthand ever since." Isaac entered as clerk in the office of his father, who had begun business as a cloth manufacturer. Very soon he became a school



The Birthplace of Phonography
Isaac Pitman's House at Wotton-under-Edge

teacher, and in 1832, when the late Hon. W. E. Gladstone was first elected as M.P. for Newark, Isaac Pitman was made master of the Long School at Barton-on-Humber, in North Lancashire. Shorthand was not taught there, but by the aid of a blackboard he trained the scholars in methods of correct pronunciation. In 1835 Isaac went from Barton to Wotton-under-Edge, in Gloucestershire, to become master of the new British school there. In 1837 he opened a private school at Wotton and decided to impart instruction in shorthand.

From 1833 he had written out all

his correspondence in shorthand in a letterbook, and was in a habit of taking notes in shorthand of speeches and sermons in which he was interested. He used Wm. Harding's edition of the system of Samuel Taylor, and prepared a book of instruction on the subject. It was suggested to him by an unknown adviser that the work would be more likely to succeed if, in his object to popularize shorthand, he would compile a new system. Isaac remarked that he had no intention of becoming a shorthand author and had no ambition to appear before the public in that capacity until it was sug-

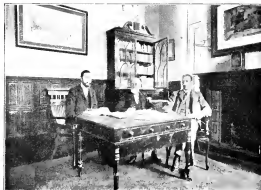
gested to him as the means of accomplishing an end. He set to work in the summer of 1837 on the construction of a system based on the sounds of the English language, and it was interesting to note that he was most deeply engrossed in experiments with shorthand on the momentous day when Queen Victoria succeeded to the throne, so that the art is co-eval with the opening of the Victorian era, of which it has proved to be one of the most useful inventions.

The Pitmanic system was introduced to the world quietly and without advertisement, and, as far as can be discovered, its author engaged in no special effort to make it known. He was, indeed, far more concerned in effecting improvements in his work for the contemplated second edition. The first work was called "Stenographic Sound Hand." In 1839 Isaac took up his residence in Bath, which he made his home for the remainder of his life. The second edition of his work appeared in 1840, and it was decided to call it by a shorter name,

"Phonography" being agreed upon.

On March 25th, 1894, Queen Victoria knighted Mr. Pitman as a mark of national appreciation, and the press of the British Empire uttered a chorus of approval. Sir Isaac retired that year from the Phonographic Institute, and also from partnership with his sons, Alfred and Ernest Pitman, and transferred to them his interest in the books of which he was the author. At the time of his withdrawal he had been uninterruptedly engaged in the work in connection with his invention of phonography for fifty-seven years, and had edited the Phonographic Journal for fifty-two—a record in both respects quite unique in national history. Three years later he passed away, and the unwearied worker in writing and spelling reform, as well as in many religious and social movements, received tributes such as have fallen to few public men in recent years.

"The Life of Sir Isaac Pitman," by Alfred Baker. London: Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, Ltd. Illustrated, 7s.



Isaac Pitman and his Two Sons in 1860.

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What The Farm House Needs. Professor Charles
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Housekeeping.

Improvements in Office Devices

The Protectograph.

The danger the business man runs in not pro-
tecting his checks is not always apparent to
him although his attention may be fre-
quently called to losses sustained by him
through having checks raised, yet it is only
when he himself sustains such a loss that he
realizes his folly in not protecting his bank ac-
count against such depredation. No one would
think of signing a blank check nor this is
what it often amounts to when such checks

remitted to the Postal Telegraph Company's
main office in Baltimore and will be in opera-
tion in a few days. It will be used on the
Baltimore-New York service. The machine is
the invention of the late Prof. Henry A. Row-
land of the Johns Hopkins University. The
Postal company already has a number of them
in use between New York and Boston, St. Louis,
Philadelphia and Chicago and they have been
found to work efficiently. It does away with
the use of skilled operators and in many places
where they are hard to come by. They are in
use largely in Italy and on the
Continent of Europe. The machine is arranged
like a typewriter keyboard, and when a key is
pressed a type bar on the machine at the other
end of the wire prints the letter. It is said
that the machine is accurate and can be oper-
ated at low expense.



The Protectograph

falls into the hands of a crook. If a check is
worth protecting it is worth protecting against
any possibility of alteration. The ap-
proach takes as much pains in inserting its bank
account against loss as it does its building and
stock. The protectograph which is being put
on the market by G. W. Todd & Co., Rochester,
prevents any check being raised as matter how
cleverly it is written. It stamps a lasting
line on

The Ellis Time Stamp.

The Ellis Time Stamp is a perfect system.
It will show the exact time, day, hour
and minute when certain work was com-
pleted and when it was finished; when a telegram,
letter or package was sent and when it was re-
ceived; when documents or papers requiring the
attention of various departments were received
and disposed of by each of the departments.
It is short; it is a time recorder that saves
time, prevents misapprehension, fosters responsibility
and establishes the basis for competing time.

The Ellis Time Stamp is so simple it needs
but little explanation. It simply consists of
a special watch movement, slow winding and
easy setting, set in a special plated case. On
the lower side is a rubber dial, another is ap-
proximate to the case on the face, and from which
the impression is taken. The hands of slow dial
move automatically and continuously with the
hands on the face. The stamp dial can bear such
words as "Accepted," "Finished," "Revised,"
"Sent" and such other words as may be
desired and may also bear the name of the per-
son or company using it.

When it is necessary to guard against fraud-
ulent manipulation a stamp will be furnished
which can be set only by the person having the
setting key.

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which cannot be erased. The paper is set into
channels by sharp little teeth and the indeli-
blish of the line formed into its very face. The
stamping is done in an instant by pressing a
lever. The Protectograph should be in every
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worked something like a typewriter and does
away with the use of the Morse code, is being

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The Memovide adding machine, is one of the latest additions to that field.

This machine is medium priced, that adds, multiplies, subtracts and divides and makes other calculations common to the adding machine, and fills the special want of bookkeepers or those having need for a calculating device of smaller proportions. It is intended to supply one want.

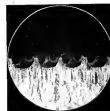
The lever stroke is very light and short. The machine is compact, being 12 inches long, 24 inches high at one end and 24 inches at the other. The keyboard is standard. The weight is ten pounds and can be carried about with little or no inconvenience. In this respect it is

the only "all" and print up dirty, while the effort to make a deep dot by the old-fashioned process results in an "undercut" dot or line



Grossly Magnified Cross Section of a Half-tone Plate, Home Etched, Showing Ragged Under-cut Data are its Obvious Faults

which breaks down and completely spoils the work. A new process called the Levy And Blank overcomes this trouble through etching by the sharp impact of blank-pressing at minute spaces of solid under high pressure, producing a strong wedge shaped dot or line, with great depth, splintered top surface, and unexcelled printing qualities.



Cross Section of a Half-tone Plate Machine Etched by the Levy And Blank Process. Note the Extreme Depth, the Strong Conical Shape, and the Absence of Under-cutting.

These Acid Etch plates are produced by The Toronto Engraving Co., Limited, who have the exclusive rights so far granted in Canada.



The Memovide Adding Machine

especially valuable for taking stock or for use in lumber yards, or wherever it is desired to have the machine about easily. Repair key and error keys are provided.

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One of the chief difficulties among engravers has been to turn out line work and half-tones that will print clear and clean from first to last of a long run, without the constant attention of the pressman. It is not too shallow

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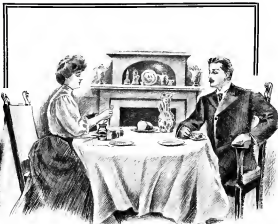
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Mainly About Ourselves

ONING to the appreciation expressed by many of our readers for the original Canadian articles which have been appearing from month to month in the magazine, it has been deemed to increase the number of these in each issue from three to four. This will mean a slight reduction in the space devoted to the best articles from other countries, but such a curtailment will only result in a more careful selection of the requested matter. By condensing and expanding we will probably be able to give quite as many articles as we have.

For the Canadian articles, our energies will be directed to securing the very best available. As has been pointed out before, the field is rich. There are scores of excellent subjects and, by treating fear of these rich mine, we will be in a position to cover the ground more rapidly. While many of these articles will be dealt with by members of our own staff, still there is plenty of room for free lance to try their prowess. Any subject, possessing a direct or indirect business interest, Canadian in theme, if handled in a bright original style will be sure of a welcome in our editorial columns, particularly if it is accompanied with illustrative photographs.

We are planning at present to extend the circle of our editorial resources by taking in a number of men prominent in the business and professional world who are going to give us the benefit of their special experience. For this reason it is our hope to raise the general standard of our selections to a higher plane. The mass of periodical matter is so great that it will require a big staff of readers to ensure a careful estimate of each month's output. The greater the number of readers, the more perfect will become the balance of the selections and the more nearly will the individual tastes of our readers be approximated.

Our leading article this month on "Titled Canadians" will have considerable interest in view of the fact that the average man or woman knows so little about the nature of the

titles and even less about their holders. It is true the lists of birthdays, deaths are carefully read and the gentleman so honored seems to fit a considerable degree of attention but, of the man with the hereditary titles, whose forebears were created peers or were knighted years ago the public are to a great extent ignorant. To enlighten Canadians about the men of rank of their own country, is the purpose of this article and its author, Mr. F. Miller McConnell, has handled his subject well.

The article on "Canadian Fleetside Grounds" has as its primary purpose the raising of our standards, to improve the appearance of their towns and cities, to make them more attractive and healthy, and to brighten the lives of the poorer classes by providing pleasant breathing spaces free to all. This subject is infinitely varied, descriptions of some of the most important parks in Canada.

A personal sketch next month will deal with a wealthy Canadian Chinaman, a resident of Victoria, B.C. Not so long ago, this gentleman resided in what is now York, and surprised the people of that great city by the style in which he did things. New Yorkers are seldom used to the inside man type of Chinaman or to the official class so that the advent of a well-bred Chinaman of wealth was something very much out of the ordinary. At any rate, the writer of our sketch has portrayed this Canadian Chinaman so he is at home and readers will find much of interest in the story.

A word or two about our freemasonry may not come to harm. It is under the eye of National Art Gallery Board and it is at the same time a reproduction in the latest purchase by the Government for the gallery. Furthermore we give a short sketch of the artist, who while a member of a distinguished Canadian family, is now almost a permanent resident of Paris. His picture is a case from the archives of his studio and as it seems to have caught the attention of Paris with respect to the subject. This series of freemasonry will be continued during the end of the year.

THE EDITOR

Syrup Talk

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